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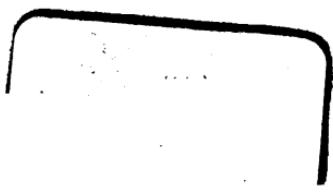
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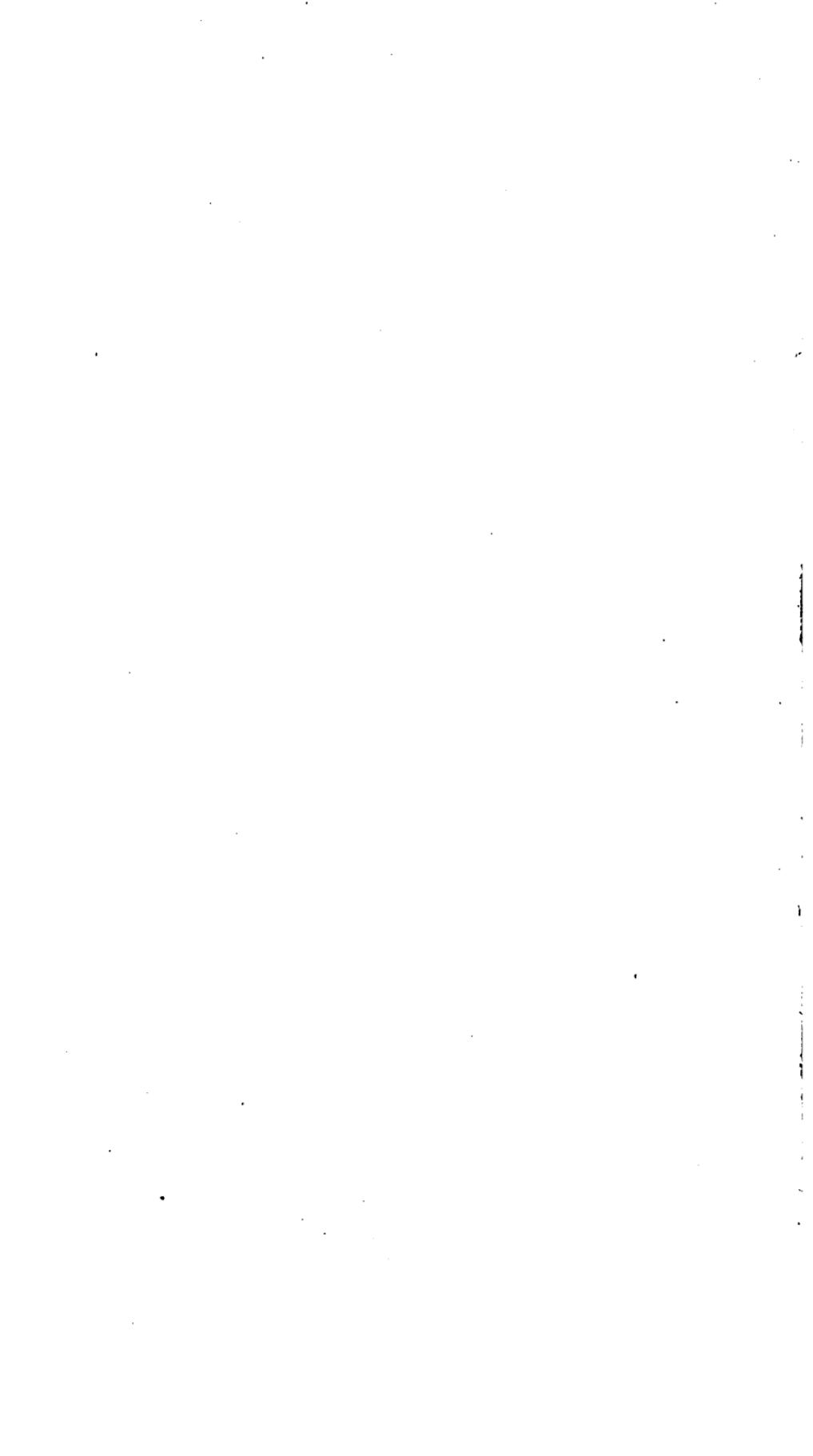
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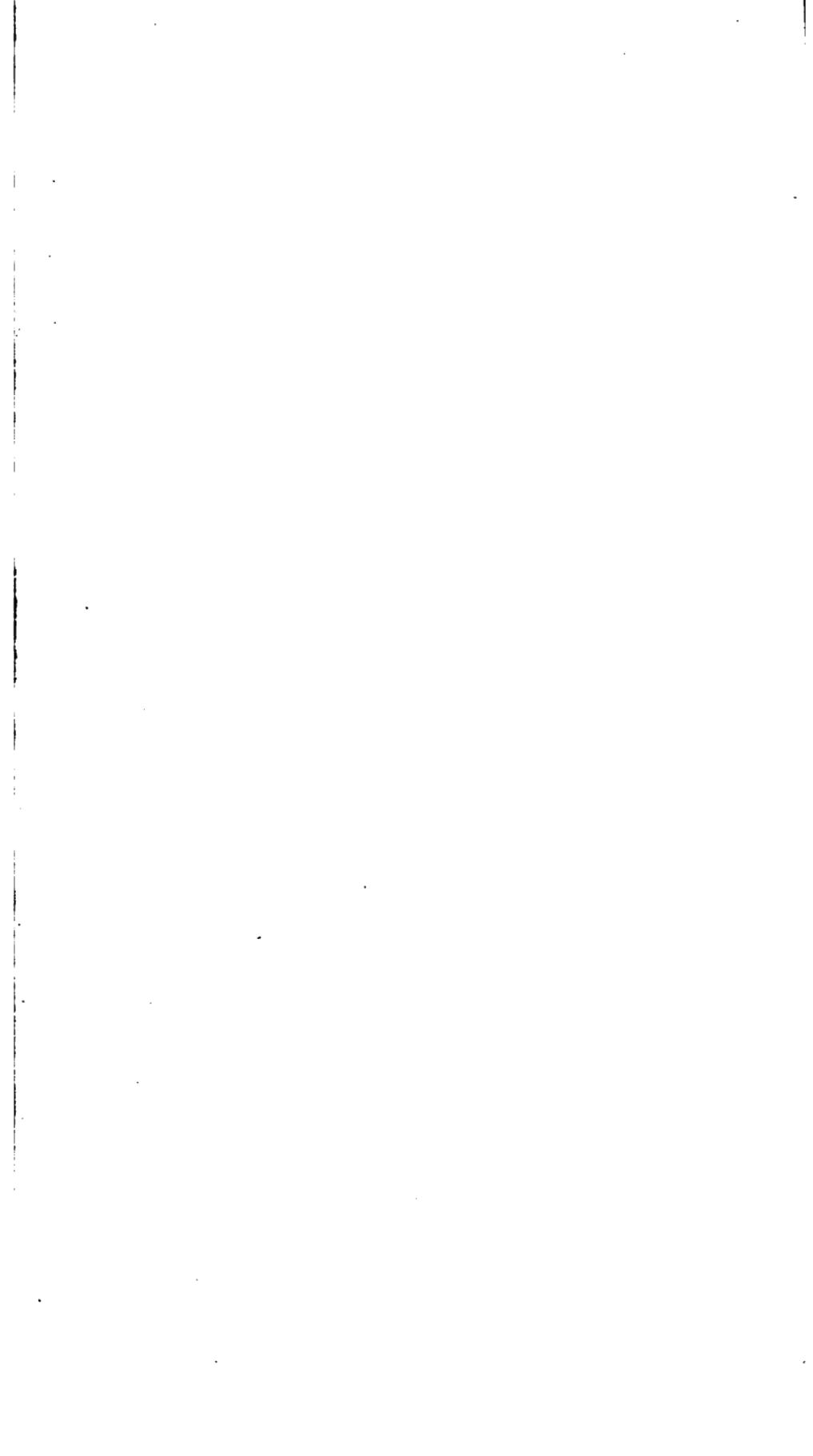
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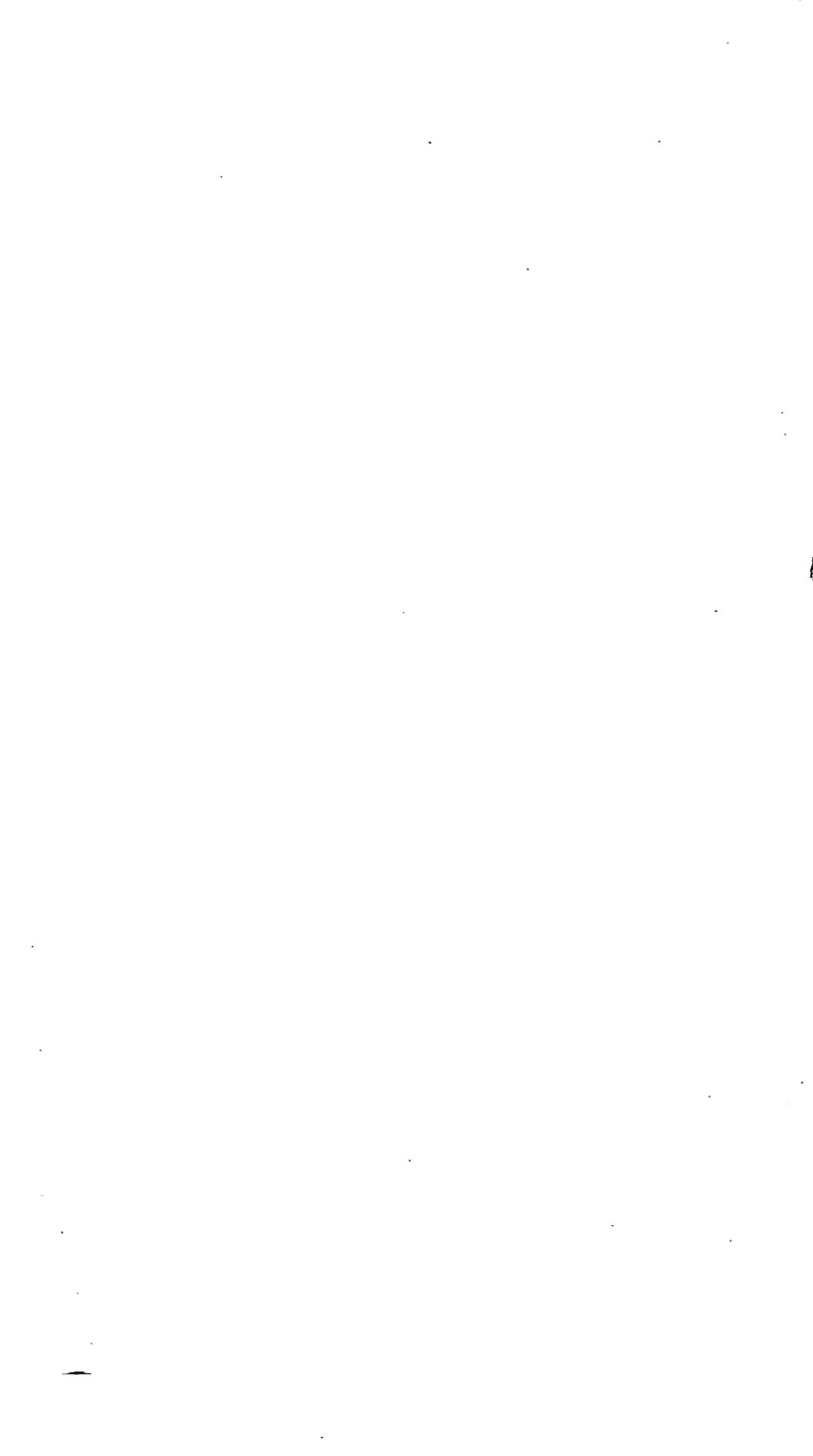
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9







JUMBLES

(Re-jumbled)

RE
781

Jumbles

(Re-Jumbled.)

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J U M B L E S

(RE-JUMBLED)

By

WILLIAM LORD REED

Oceanic Publishing Co.,
23-25 East 26th St., New York City.

1911

oceanic
publishing
company

917838

TO MY POET (?) GRANDSON.

NOT quite so unpoetic as you deem
us,
O certis puer, "irritabile genus."
True poet art thou, by that very sign
Old Horace gave us rhyming, grandson
mine.
Your *verses* pleased us, and if that
could be,
Still more your charming versatility.

W. W. L.

TO MY POET GRANDFATHER.

TO me your verse comes as paternal
blessing—
Altho' your "certis puer" had me
guessing!
My Latin rode away upon a "pony"—
The brand I use is dubbed by moderns
"phony";—
But this embryo bard indites for hire—
"Unworthy scion of a noble sire";
I must admit the truth, alas! alack!
My Pegasus is but a livery hack;
And tho' my candor cost a kingly ran-
som—
Your old friend Horace never hired my
hansom.

W. L. R.

To
My Grandfather
William Wilberforce Lord

MAN IN FOUR SEASONS.

BY W. W. L.

"In Laut voll Mut," &c.

In SPRING came flowers,
With all the showers,
And I was glad.

From SUMMER's heat
Upon me beat,
And I went mad.

Soon AUTUMN came,
With milder flame,
And I was blest.

Through WINTER wild
O lead thy child
God! to my rest.

Jumbies

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PREAMBLE

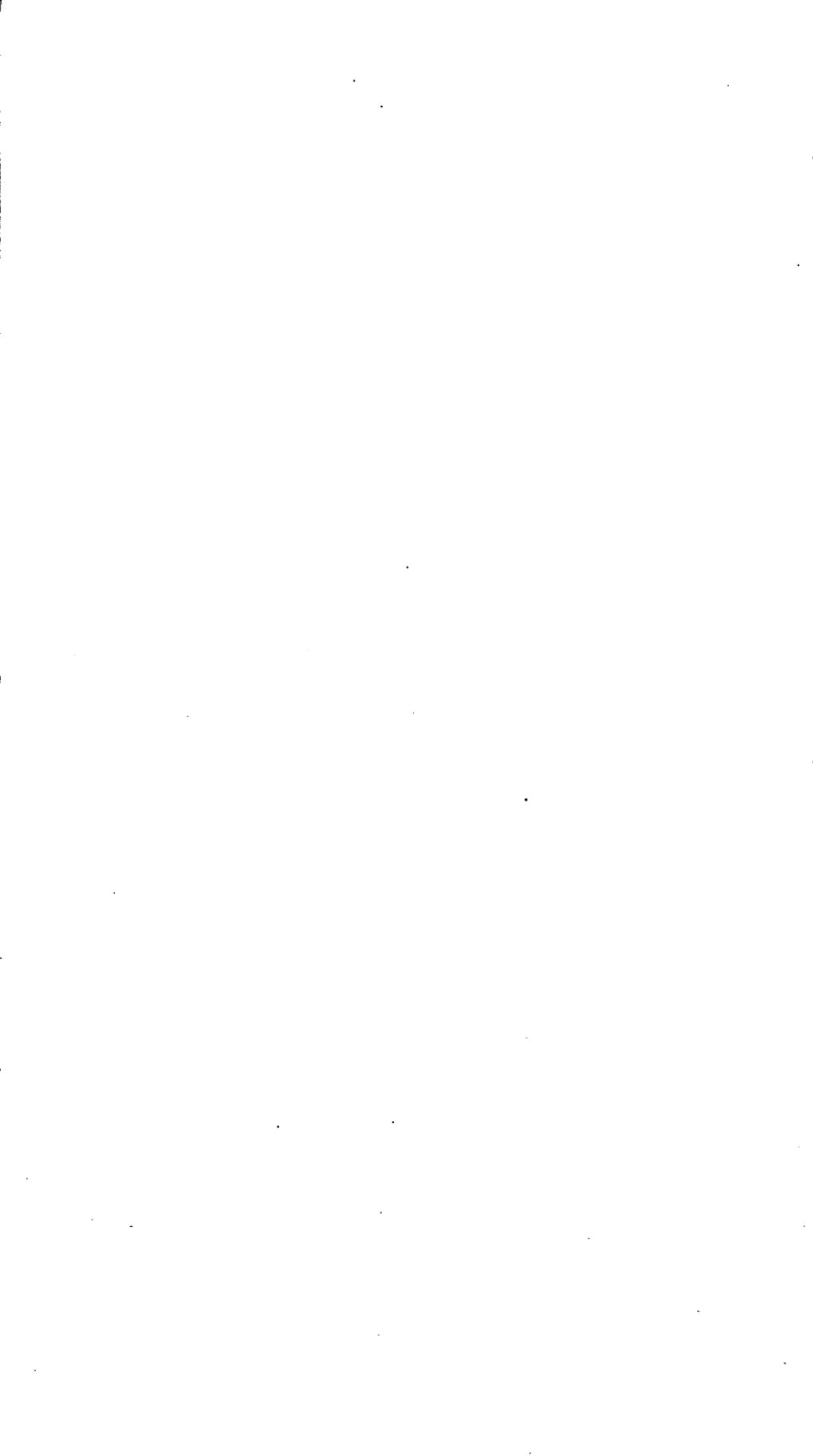
(To Jumbies)

THE majority of the verses in this volume appeared some years ago in the "Pittsburgh Dispatch" and are now reprinted and pushed on the long-suffering public by request.

They are dedicated to any one possessing patience to read them.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR



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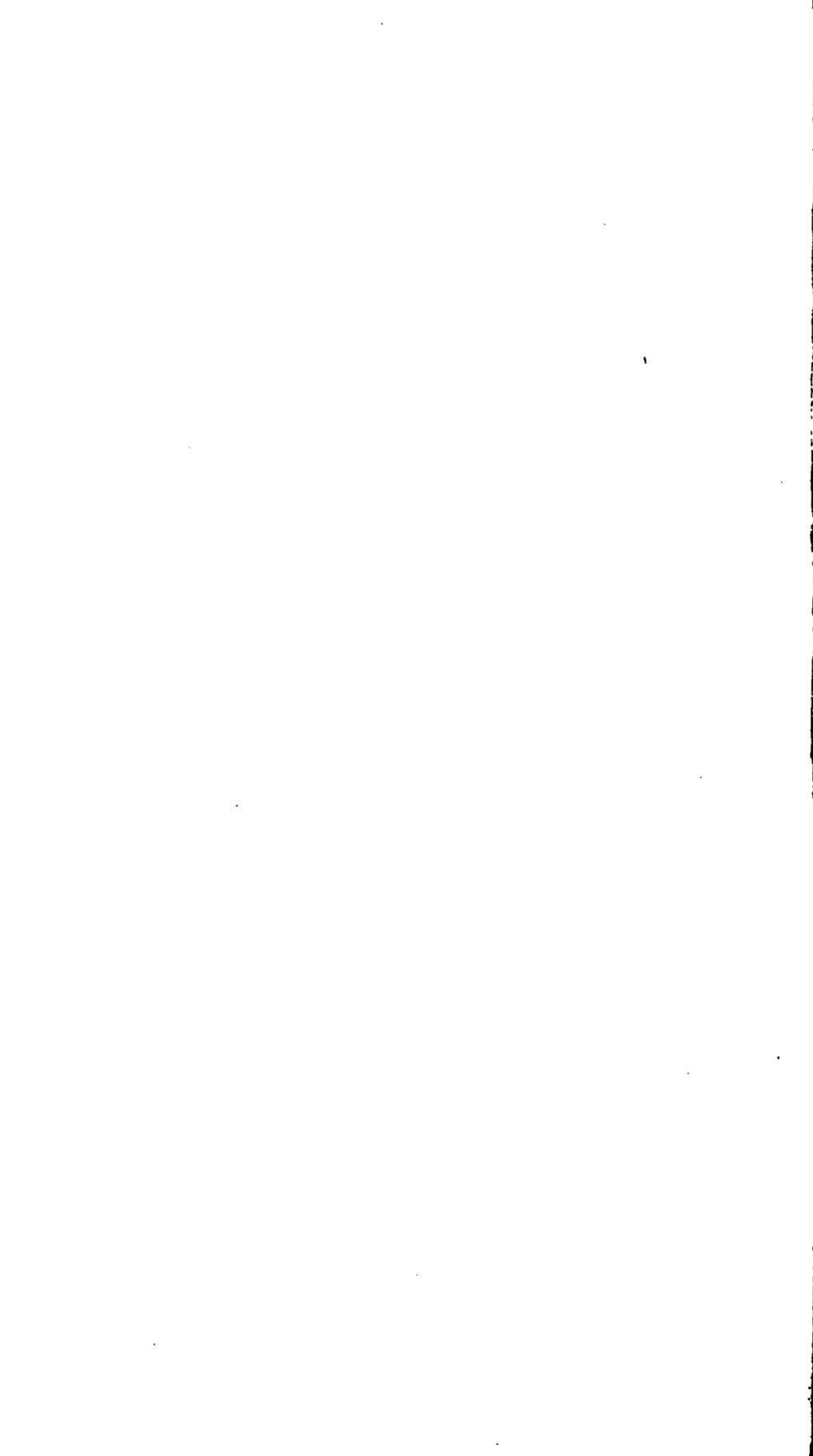
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Christmas



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

THE Spirit of Christmas, its wide
wings outspread,
Hovers over the land from the
sea to the sea;
And I, in the knowledge, with humbly
bowed head,
Kneel and pray that its peace may
descend upon me.

The Spirit of Christmas! Awake to
the thought!
Cast out every shadow of sorrow or
sin.
Rise up! Sad and weary one, care-
overwrought,
Throw open thy heart that its light
may shine in.

Throw open thy heart and wide open
thy door
To the lowly and lone, to those sadder
than thou;
The path of the Christ ever led to the
poor—
From Bethlehem's star to the thorn-
circled brow.

The poor and the needy, the lowly and
lone,
The sad and disheartened, the halt
and the blind;
For many a sin thou may'st swiftly
atone
By a grasp of the hand—by a word
that is kind.

The Spirit of Christmas! Come, lift up
thy voice—
Let our song swell the chorus angelic
above;
Let our souls soar aloft and together
rejoice
In the spirit of light, merry laughter
and love.

And to you, on love-laden pinions, I
pray
May God speed the Spirit of Christmas
to-day.

PREDESTINATION.

THE little toy soldier stood on the shelf,
Talking away to his little tin self—

"Tho' my coat's red paint and my trousers new,
I'm certainly feeling an indigo blue—

To-day I'm worth money—but life's no joke—
The day after Christmas I'm bound to be—*broke*."

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

THERE'S Christmas in the faces of the people that we meet,
There's Christmas in the toy-loaded windows on the street,
There's Christmas in the laughter of the bundle-burdened throng,
As with a Christmas greeting they go hurrying along.

And if, perchance, your Christmas isn't all that it should be—
With a home of Yuletide youngsters making merry 'round a tree;
If your Christmas gifts have somehow been sidetracked along the way,
And all you have's the memory of a by-gone Christmas day;

Let your lips still sing the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will to men"—
Lift your soul above your sorrow—let yourself be borne again
On the spirit wings of Christmas from your dead ideals apart,
And your Christmas will be Christmas if there's Christmas in the heart.

THE LAND O' LOVE.

THE Land o' Love lies o'er the lea—
Thro' shoals of Self in you—in
me;
Across the ocean of Discontent—
Where waves of Care toss turbulent;
On past the shores of Golden Dust—
Over the mountains of Hate and Lust;
In the violet valley of Hope and Trust—
Lies the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love a baby's eyes
Laugh on the world in wonderwise;
A baby's lips lisp, soft and low,
Baby words only mothers know;
Bowed to earth is the Sire sublime—
Baby limbs over "horsey" climb;
'Tis Spring, sweetheart, and the Sowing-
time

In the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love the youth and maid
Hand in hand stand unafraid;
Lips to lips and heart to heart—
All in all—from the world apart;
Not 'neath the arc of heaven is room
For the smallest, tiniest bit of gloom;
'Tis glorious Summer, and Life's abloom
In the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love the father stands
Wiping his brow with horny hands;
The mother smiles on the children
there—
Sturdy sons and a daughter fair
Who croons in low voice, soft and clear,
A song to a babe in the cradle near;
'Tis golden Autumn and Harvest, dear,
In the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love the moon hangs
low,
As hung in dead years long ago
The jewel of Peace in God's diadem—
The star o'er the stable in Bethlehem.
In the firelight's glow two white heads
nod—
Dreaming of rose-strewn paths long
trod;
'Tis Winter now, and the Peace of God
In the Land o' Love.

The Land o' Love lies o'er the lea—
Thro' shoals of Self in you—in me;
Across the ocean of Discontent—
Where waves of Care toss turbulent;
On past the shores of Golden Dust—
Over the mountains of Hate and Lust;
In the violet valley of Hope and Trust—
Lies the Land o' Love.

TOYS.

CHRISTMAS with its joys and toys
Was only meant for little boys;
Their's to wake on Christmas
morn—

Heedless of the Child-Christ born;
And with merry laugh and play
Greet the gladsome Christmas day.

But when sleep her wings has spread
Over each tired, tousled head;
Toys forgotten, broken, gone—
Only dreams until the dawn;
Then perhaps we *grown-ups* may
Give a thought to Christmas day.

What to us has Christmas been,
Man to man—here deep within?
Then the timely truth we read,
Heedless of the Christ-Man's creed—
We are only little boys
Trading away each other's toys.

HER CROWNING GLORY.

“**G**LORY! Glory! Glory!”
Chants the choir this Christmas
morn.

“Glory! Glory! Glory!”
On the whispering breeze is borne,
And I echo “Glory, Glory!”
For I'm watching, during prayer,
All the glorious glory tangled
Up in Effie's Titian hair.

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

AS we sit by the dying embers,
At the close of the dying year,
Dreaming of dead Decembers,
Hopes dead, but to memory dear,
From out the surrounding gloaming
A ghastly gathering comes
In time to a rhythmic moaning—
Like the beating of muffled drums;
And we sit and silently shudder
At the hideous retinue,
As slowly by file the spectral shades
Of "the things we were going to do."

Ye gods! will they never cease coming?
Out, out from that corner dim;
The score of our failures summing—
This army of phantoms grim?
* * * * * * *
Nay! not 'til the deeds of the future
Have buried the ghosts of the past,
And the sum of the years shall compute
your
Debt unto life at the last!
So let us be up and be doing
At the dawn of the century new,
With a hopeful heart to accomplish a
part
Of "the things we *are* going to do."

“Down and Out”



“DOWN AND OUT.”

DOWN and out! Yes, I guess that's me!

In fact, I haven't a sou-markee;
The “glad hand” 's wrapped in a frozen mit—

If there's “anything in it” I'm *out* of it.

I'm down on my luck from the bird's-eye view

Of those who, elated, look down on you:
Out at the elbows and down at the heels,

Yet o'er me a breath of contentment steals.

I'm down to hard pan in this world's esteem—

The world has *views*, I've but a *dream*;
A dream that, perhaps, when all's been said,

And done and spent and written and read,

The Key to the Scheme will at last be found—

To just turn the whole blame thing around.

It's me to the Top when it's turned about;

Now, the Bottom for mine—just “*down and out*.”

Down—at the core of the heart of things;
And Out—of it soaring on spirit wings.

"A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR."

I WAS standing, talking, the other day,
On a crowded corner in old Broadway,

To a chance acquaintance, of transient fame,

When some one suddenly called my name

With a "Hello! old man, you're looking fine"—

And there was a dear old pal of mine!

Just a few words, and my friend was gone;

Whirled in the maelstrom—a human pawn

In the game—but the grasp of his welcome hand

Was a link in the chain back to God's own land.

Then, said the chap who was standing there:

"Your friend's a little the worse for wear."

A friend—a little the worse for wear—
That's what he was, and his big red heart,

Was worn as smooth as his threadbare coat

By the pals of the past. He would ever part

With—no! not a half—but his last case-note

For a friend—a near friend—or any old bloat

Who needed it more; and, as for Jim,
Why, "the makin's" were always enough for him.

"Down and out" he looked that day,
But Jim never *looked* any other way.

When the other fellow *was* down and out

Was the time you'd find him up and about.

As for clothes—he was longer on legs than style,

And broad on religious views and smile.
In fact his smile and a whiskey-cough

Were the only things that would never
come off.

He hid a family somewhere or other—
At a pinch he'd draw little drafts on a
brother;

But he never mentioned his folks to
me—

The whole world seemed his family,
Just all down-trodden humanity.
All you needed to prove you were next
of kin

Was the appearance of being about all in.
In sorrow or sickness, in want or care,
When needed damned bad, he was al-
ways *there*—

“A friend—a little the worse for
wear.”

“A little the worse for wear”—so, Bo,
Let us do our “bit” in this burlesque
show

The best we can—just do it so

That when we cross the Great Divide,
Welcoming us on the other side
We may find a Friend who will not care
If we're found—a little the worse for
wear.

O MAN! O MAN!

O MAN! O Man! Humanity!
What funny folk you seem to be
When looked at from the bird's-
view
Of one who dares look down at you:

Your “summum bonum” seems to be
Obtaining vast velocity,
And circulating through the park
Cooped up within a stuffy, dark
Plush-cushioned box, blind and unseen
In your “ten-thousand” limousine;
All wrapped up in a fur-lined coat
And your fool self, you little note
This bench-sore bum has “*got your goat.*”

THOROUGH-BRED.

Miss Billyons has a brindle pup
Who chews the costly curtains up
And does from dainty china sup
Till he is goodly full;
While in an alley in the rear
Live little starving children, dear,
Who envy in their hearts, I fear,
Miss Billyons' brindle bull.

Miss Billyons, though, is not to blame!
E'en if it may appear a shame
That little children, sickly, lame,
Should hungry go to bed;
For class distinctions, sad but true,
Give preference to blood that's blue—
Though Miss B's but a parvenue—
The pup is *thorough-bred*.

T H E G O L D E N - H A R N E S S E D M U L E A N D T H E C O M M O N - G A R D E N A S S .

“**G**OLDEN harness on a mule!”
(Phrase ripe enough to pass)
But still the golden-harnessed
mule
Bests the common-garden ass.

An ass must ever be an ass;
To bow beneath the rule
And knuckle down before the frown
Of the golden-harnessed mule.

The ass—the fool tool of the mule—
Provides the mule with hay;
The ass, alas, can go to grass—
The mule must have his bray.

But, oh! how cruel should the mule
Mislay that harness golden!
As for the ass—he'll still have grass
To Providence beholden.

THE NAZARENE IN NINETEEN HUNDRED.

HE lived his life 'mid the crowding
 throng;
 Seeking the sunlight the glad day
 long;
 Bearing the lovelight the long night
 through;
 Doing his own will and willing to do.
Earning and spending and giving away—
Caring for others, not what others say.

His friends where the humble, the lowly,
 the sad;
The gay and the ribald, the good and
 the bad;
 The murderer, magdalene—sinner and
 saint—
 Preacher and poacher; He feared not
 the taint
Nor the touch of his brother—the grasp
 of whose hand
Was the sum of existence—Omnipotent
 planned.

He asked—not a crust—but as good as
 he gave;
He gave what he had—and he looked to
 the grave
 As the gate of the soul. He awaited
 the call
 To stand face to face with the Cause—
 Of-It-All.
Living, he sought the immersed and ac-
 curst of them,
And learned but to love all the best in
 the worst of them.

But he smiled a sad smile as the Pub-
 lican past
In his gasoline go-cart—immoderately
 fast—
 With his sugar-fed “brindle” and
 panoplied wife
 And other spoil spoils from the sur-
 plus of life.
As adroitly he dodged the ill-fumed
 limouzine
A soft sigh escaped the unknown Naz-
 arene:

“Thank God, I cast in my lot with the
 rest of them—
I certainly sure get the *worst* from the
 best of them.”

THE QUACK.

(A Chantecler Chortle of a Chicken.)

IN the barnyard the poultry had long lived at peace; There were chickens and turkeys, ducks, guineas and geese; All birds of a feather and, "fether" or not, They all flocked together, well pleased with their lot, With cackling and crowing and other bird talk, Till an old drake thought he was the cock-of-the-walk.

Tho' his gait was ungainly he looked so durn wise They never got on to the old boy's real size— That his brains were so cramped in the bones of his nut He thought his old waddle a cock-turkey strut; When, failing to get all the pickings himself, The rumpus he raised played the deuce with his health.

For a conclave was called at the rise of the sun And a speech was demanded from each —every one Who felt, by his intellect, feathers or talk, Entitled to prene as the cock-of-the-walk.

The old turkey gobbled, the cock loudly crew: The guinea did something—I'll leave it to you; The old gander hissed; but, alas and alack! The best the old drake did was "quack, quack, quack."

They called it a draw 'tween the cock and the turk, Who both were good-fellows and split up the work: The gobbler looked wise and his tail proudly spread, While the rooster awakened Old Sol from his bed.

The rest of the poultry soon fell into line,
But the old drake went into a saddened decline;
And the unkind declare, since his dismal decease,
That all who had honked to his quack were the geese.

The moral concealed in this tale of the drake
Is that there's always an end to a fake.
But of *faker*s there's no end: so, goslings, be shy
Of wise-looking birds, for on you they've an eye;
And as you grow older this truth you will note—
That a Quack is a Quack and a Goose is "the Goat."

WHERE IS YOUR HEART?

SAY! where is your heart?
That's the *Question to-day!*
Is it still in your chest, or has 't
drifted away
Toward the glare of the gold—the
mirage of wealth
That is gnawing the core of our Na-
tional health?
Yes, friend, face the issue at once; do
not mock—it
'S the *Question to-day—*
Is your heart in your pocket?

"A fair deal—a square deal";
But who can be square
With his hand on a lung if the heart
isn't there!
Dollars? Why dollars are only the
seeds
To be scattered in Life's golden gar-
den of deeds.
So leave the mad scramble for silt to the
rest;
Jab your hand in your jeans!
Keep *your* heart in your breast.

THE STANDARD GREED.

We believe in one god, the Dollar Almighty, maker of heaven (?) on earth; and in squeezing twice each bright one in our hoard, which were born of the virgin gold; discovered by unconscious pirates, were crucibled, assayed and minted. They descended into the market, the third day rose again according to quotations, and getteth into the right hand of John the Standard's almighty, from whence they shall not be budged by the quick or the dead.

We believe in a holocaust of the wholly credulous people; the excommunication of "ain'ts"; the forgiveness of "ins"; the subjugation of Lawson, and the Lie everlasting. All men--?

LET US!

LET us lend and spend and give away,
And die a pauper's death some day (?)

Let us slave and save and pinch each cent,
And who at last will care where we went (?)

The rich man leaves all he was worth,
While the poor man leaves this bloomin' earth—

But his personal assets—his smile and his song—
As far as I know, he takes them along.

THE ESCAPE.

TWO doctors "consulted" to find out the cause;
But couldn't decide as to just what it was;
Tho' 'twas certainly something, and something durn bad—
And the patient was satisfied that's what he had.

Two lawyers argued the "pro" and the "con";
Then drew up a will to still argue upon:
"Bequeathed and devised" to divide with the heirs—
And devised and designed so that they would get theirs.

Two men of divinity strove to expound
The "why" and the "whither," in phrases profound;
Till the poor man, bemuddled by righteous intent,
Died without caring a rap where he went.

* * * * *

The glad soul, released from the cares of the clay
And the "learn'd professions," quick faded away;
But refused to ascend by the bright, golden stair
To Heaven—for it didn't know just *who* was there.

"THE GOODS."

THE "goods" is only a hybrid word,
Coined by thieves, and it seems absurd
That it should have place in our mother-tongue—
Pied into print and in poesy sung;—
But it has! and the reason is just because—
It's "the goods."

The bullets whistle the hot air through;
The Flag's in front, and the mausers, too!
But to hell with them! for the old Flag, there,
Is leading the souls of boys who dare—
And don't know fear from prickly heat—
That's "the goods."

The building's burning!—the ladder's ice!—
It isn't a question of "how" or "price"—
Tho' the tongue is parched and the smoke chokes thick—
The job's to be done, and done damn quick!—
And it is!—that's all—but back of it all
Is "the goods."

It's the crucial moment;—a man must face
The test supreme of power and place;—
Love or duty?—wrong or right
He must stand in Publicity's blinding light
And front his God with his jaw shut tight;
That's "the goods."

Talk and type have greased the wheels
Of the world so far;—but the knowledge steals
Over us now that the time has come—
The reveillé of a distant drum—
The red roll-call of the race of men—
"The goods," by God! "the goods."

THE FUNERAL OF IMBER.

(Ten thousand follow bier of Zion poet.)

"User Marcus, who appeared with a contract in which he agreed to bury the poet when he should die in return for a poem, at first claimed the right to bury Mr. Imber."—*New York Times*.

O H, feverish, struggling World to-day,
Pause but a moment on thy way!
Pause, not alone to bow the head
In reverence to a poet dead,
But pause to contemplate thyself,
Immured, immersed in strife for wealth.
Look, for a space, to higher things,
Give thy unfettered soul its wings
To rise above the money-mart;
Be, for the nonce, thyself a part
Of the great pulsing human heart.
In spirit join the uncovered throng
At a poet's grave—bought with a song.

A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

BOY! Don't you realize the sum
of it all?
The prize beyond price on this
money-mad ball
Is not to be won in the stock-market's
whirl—
But is deep in the depths of the heart
of a girl.
It is not found in wealth nor in man-
sions of stone;
But is waiting for you in a home of
your own.

A home of your own, boy! A heart that
is true!
And you've got from your God all that's
coming to you.
Soft baby fingers around your own
curled
Are worth more than all the hard gold
in the world.
To a star hitch your wagon!—to one
star alone
Shining clear in God's heaven—a home
of your own.

“The Heart
of Humanity”

THE HEART OF HUMANITY.

I SING Humanity!
Who said "all's vanity!"
Who that has known all the
breadth and the length of it?
Born in sweet motherhood, dwelt in
dear brotherhood;
Nourished and reared by the grace and
the strength of it?

Laughed in the light of it, mourned
thro' the night of it;
Who that has lived and been one and a
part of it?
Fought thro' the fears of it, wept with
the tears of it;
Who that has loved and learned all the
great heart of it?

* * * * *

I sing Humanity!
I sing the Song of it!
First feeble child-cry; the throes of the
dying;
All the great hurt of it, all the dull
pain of it,
All the wild grief of it, all the vain
trying.

And all the Joy of it!
All the great Joy of it!
I sing the song of it, swelling and flow-
ing;
Sweet joy of motherhood, flushed
pride of fatherhood,
Concord of brotherhood, all things be-
stowing.

I sing the Child! breathing there at the
mother-breast;
Divine dependence; the joy of the
giving.
I sing the Youth! happy boyhood and
girlhood;
All things unheeded save joy in the
living.

I sing the Mating; the young man and
maiden;
All the sweet mystery, all the un-
folding;
All the wild bliss of it, rapturous kiss
of it;
All the white heat of the man in the
molding.

I sing the Life of it! struggle and strife
of it;
Toil and the sweat, the bent back and
the Cross;
Out of the depths, oh! the long weary
steps of it;
Oh! the blind gulf 'tween the gain and
the loss.

I sing Success! all the height and the
might of it;
World-wide applause, and the con-
queror's crown;
Fame's flutt'ring flame for a life's con-
summation;
Power's isolation; the empty renown.

I sing the Failures! the bruised and the
broken ones;
Brothers and sisters gone down in
defeat;
Down to the gutter, the alley, the slum
of it;
Hear the low hum of it—Song of the
Street.

Bare in their nakedness, stript of all
selfishness,
Bright gleams the gold in dirt of the
pan!
Anguish and misery—merry in com-
pany;
Glad in their brotherhood; here man
to man.

I sing the Tears of it!
All the long Years of it!
Sorrows and sins of it, joys and de-
spairs;
Bleak hills and meadows, the sunshine
and shadows,
Christ and the Judas; the wheat and
the tares.

I sing Humanity!
Song of the soul of me:
Just to be one with it; one and a part
of it!
All the deep sob of it, all the tense
throb of it;
Oh, just to live and love! God! the
great heart of it!

KNOW thyself and love thy fellow-men!
Thus shalt thou live thy full
three score and ten;
To be well—do well—then the cool,
sweet sod
May yield to thee its secret of thy God.

“It is to Smile.”



VIOLET BROWN.

VIOLET BROWN, of Taylorstown,
Was an ebony belle of wide re-
nown;
When she married a man by the name
of Black
(Whose mouth looked like a funny
crack);
An' her name was Violet Brown-Black.

But Black he died one frosty night,
An' the next on the list was a dude
named White—
A hot tamale an' a shinin' light;
Then her name was Violet Brown-
Black-White.

Now, White fell in the creek one day,
An' the angels bore his soul away;
Then she married the parson, whose
name was Gray;
An' became Violet Brown-Black-White-
Gray.

But Gray soon left for realms serene,
An' the last on the list was a coon called
Green;
Which changed the name of this dusky
queen
To Violet Brown-Black-White-Gray-
Green.

Now, sad to say, poor Green died, too,
An' the 'riginal Violet grew blue;
Her husbands were all laid below,
An' she's livin' now in Yellow Row
With fourteen kids of ev'ry kind,
Whose names would drive you color
blind.

There's Black kids there who are all
brown;
An' a lot o' little Gray kids runin' roun'
With a lot o' little black kids who are
White,
An' Green kids just as black as night.

It's the funniest fam'ly ever seen,
For all of them are slightly "green";
Tho' off an' on they all get blue,
The original shades are still there, too—
They're all fast colors, every one,
An' yet ain't warranted not to run.

Now, all these imps got fightin' like sin,
An' the "Yellow Kid" next door joined
in;
An' you'd thought that you were full of
dope
If you'd seen that human kaleidoscope.

For the Gray beat the Green kids black
an' blue;
An' the White an' the Black were
bunged up, too;
The Yellow Kid blacked a Gray kid's
eye;
I laughed till I thought that I would die.

For the Yellow Kid now was a purple
hue;
An' to make things worse, Violet ran in,
too.
All their noses were runnin' red,
An' a Gray punched a Green kid's little
black head.

Red, green, gray, black, white, yellow,
blue,
All mixed in a bunch, an' I'm mixed,
too;
So, if you can tell what I'm writin'
about,
Telephone the answer for my pipe's gone
out.

PETE'S BABY.

(To "Pete" Eyler, on arriving in New
York during the Hudson-Fulton
celebration.)

PETE'S baby? Sure! a regular child!
An' Holy Gee! the town's gone wild.
I just got in here yesterday—
Saw all the warships in the bay—
The warships of the whole darn world,
With all their bloomin' flags unfurled;
Saw buntin' floatin' everywhere—
A brand-new statue in Times Square—
The Plaza all ablaze with lights—
Bon-fires burnin' on the Heights—
Soldiers all in brand-new suits—
Guns a boomin' out salutes—
Bands a playin' all aroun'—
I thought—Gee Whiz! what's struck the
town?
Then Phelan put me wise—oh, joy!
Pete's got a baby! It's a boy!

GROWN-UP FOLKS.

GROWN-UP folks, it seems to me,
Don't know nuffin'.
'Er's lots of fings 'at 'ey could do
'At's lots of fun for me an' you,
An' fings 'at 'ey are 'lowed to, too—
But 'ey don't.
Wish I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks kin al'ays do
Jes' as 'ey please;
'Ey could sled-ride when it snows,
Make mud pies in 'eir Sunday clothes,
Er do mos' anyfing, I suppose—
But 'ey don't.
Wish I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks don' have any
Fun at all.
'Ey could play at hide-an'-seek,
Er go swimmin' in the creek,
An' stay in, I guess, a week—
But 'ey don't.
Wish I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks don' have to do
Anyfing;
Shoes 'ey doesn't have to wear,
'Bout washin' 'er face don't have to care,
An' never have to brush 'er hair—
But 'ey do.
Wish I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em !

VICE VERSA.

THE ghoulish kissing-bug glided up
with a shiny, crawly creep;
And its cruel eye did my features
spy
As I swung in the hammock, asleep.

A sinister smile lit its fiendish face
As my cherry-red mouth it spied;
'Twas a terrible slip when it kissed my
lip,
For the bug swelled up and died.

"EVOLUTION."

(The Tale of the Tell-Tale Tail.)

O H! for a day of the good old days
When there were no family
jars;
No faults to find—no tales unkind—
To worry this world of ours;
When nobody talked about others' af-
fairs,
Nor told of another's troubles;
When tongues weren't all loose with
their neighbors' abuse,
And the only hot air was "bubbles";
Oh! those were the beautiful, peaceful
days
Of our family's first plunge—
When Grandpapa was an oyster
And Grandmama was a sponge.

(With apologies to somebody.)

Or a later day, on the old world's way
Ten million years or so,
When we first got into the regular swim,
And were really "on the go";
Tho' we flirted about, floating in and out
Of seaweed woods galore,
Not a tale was told of an act o'er bold—
'Twould have probably proved a bore;
Those were as lovely and halcyon times
As a family could wish—
When Grandmama was an acaleph,
And Grandpapa was a fish.

Now in those days Grandpa had a tail;
But 'twas only a t-a-i—
Not at all the kind of a tale to tell
(Even as you and I);
And if a tale of the other kind—
Or unkind—happened out
Not a mussel moved 'til the truth was
proved—
'Twas a fish-story without doubt;
Then our family grew equestrian—
By astronomic law—
And Grandpapa was a sea-horse,
And a star-fish, Grandmama.

(Another branch of our family,
Who had never cared for the sea,
The branch that lived in the branches
Of our very first family-tree,
Also carried tails, or their tails carried
them—
You can figure yourself if you wish—
I more incline to my Mother's line,
That came from the family Fish.
The monkey side don't appeal, of course,
In a chap's genealogy—
When Grandpa was a gorilla
And Grandma a chimpanzee.)

Now along in a billion years or so
The tail Grandfather wore
When he was a fish reappeared again
On a beautiful maid at the shore;
It was Grandmama's fin-ish—(joke)
A most enchanting tail—
An Ella Wheeler "Guide to Girls"—
That could be used as a sail;
It was Grandpa's "finish," too—
'Twas the hither end he saw—
The "peach" on the beach was a mer-
maid,
And a centaur, Grandpapa.

At this time talk became prevalent—
We're suspicious, I fear, of the dame;
'Twas perhaps in the air, but the fact
remains bare
That it got here just the same;
And with the advent of maids and talk
Came tales of another kind
Than the ones our race had lost before
And now again wore behind.
With the girls talking horse with the
horse-men, of course
All else was about the weather;
Still the gods thought it best to give
mankind a rest,
And eliminate ta(i)les altogether.

So the Cycles circled, or Circles cyked;
Tail-bearing went out of date—
The horse behind the man before (rear
of Centaur—obtuse!)
Disappeared—man stood elate;
Euterpe stole the golden scales
From our mesmerized mermaid
Mother,
And, hand in hand, they went inland
To the woodland's leafy cover;
Oh! those Paradise days ere the snake
appeared
And Grandpa thought he had 'em—
When Grandmama was Eveline
And Grandpapa was Adam.

But a tail once worn we can't forget—
Nor a tale once told recall;
So the ta(i)le crept in in the serpent's
skin,
About cider time in the fall;
And ever since then we sons of men,
And monkeys, and fish, and things,
Have suffered the flail of the Tell-Tale-
Tail
That now soars around on wings.
So give us a day of the good old days—
Ere Japhet, Shem and Ham—
When Grandpapa was an oyster
And Grandmama was a clam.

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

“**H**AD I but known.” They’re but four little words,
And yet how oft we find these words to be
The knell of many a grand ambition lost,
The anguished cry of fallen misery; From the chaos of despair we hear the moan—
“Had I but known! Had I but known!”

The happy boy, without a thought or care,
His footsteps guided by a mother’s love,
Of whose self-sacrifice he little knows Until, when she’s been called to realms above,
He murmurs, as he treads life’s way alone—
“Had I but known! Had I but known!”

And hoary age, with faltering step, and head
Bent low beneath the cruel hand of time—
He’s made a failure of a human life.
His God created to be made sublime;
Tottering to the grave we hear him groan—
“Had I but known! Had I but known!”

L'ENVOI.

For the twenty-second time this has come back,
Hereafter I’ll let editors alone;
I might have saved two dollars’ worth of stamps—
Had I but known! Had I but known!

WILLIAMS.

WILLIAM is a name that's given
Boy babies far and near,
When screaming at the chris-
tening,

They're held by mothers dear;
But you will find in after life,
If Williams you should scan,
The name abbreviated and
The mirror of the man.

Perhaps you'll find a "William,"
Quiet, dignified, sedate,
Who'll look at you in a calm, sweet way,
And your errors demonstrate.
He treads unharmed life's primrose
path,
Nor looks for pleasures till
He reaches heaven, and you'll find
He's usually called—"Will."

But here's another "William,"
Who takes life as a joke;
He's not too bad and not too good,
And 'most generally always broke.
Light-hearted, careless, happy,
Whether paths are smooth or hilly,
And as thro' life he floats along
The whole world calls him—"Billy."

And here we have a "William;"
A sturdy man and true,
With a ready hand to help a friend
And a ready will to do;
Rough-handed but warm-hearted;
A man whose voice would still
The passions of a frenzied mob,
And his comrades call him—Bill."

Last, also least, of "Williams"
Is the chap with the silken lid,
Whose legs look like the running gears
Of the talkative katydid,
With collar high and red necktie,
He walks and talks like a "gilly."
With a lemon pie I could soak the guy
Who goes by the name of—"Willie."

THE BOHEMIAN'S PLAINT.

“**I**F I should die to-night,”
And in my clothes
Should be the goodly sum of
Thirty cents,
Left lying there
Unspent,
In sweet repose.
I say!
If I should die to-night
And leave
Behind me in these cold,
Prosaic pants
The price
Of six large beers
On draught,
Unquafft
By me and destined
To remain
Forever on the outside of
My frame.
If I should die,
And from the great beyond
Look back and see
That thirty cents ta'en
And spent foolishly
For bread,
Or clothes,
Or some such empty thing;
And those six beers—
Long destined to be bought
By me—
Now spilled
Down other throats,
Their destiny
Unfilled.
I say!
If I should die to-night
And go
From Here to There
(Or where
It doesn't snow)—
And, looking back from there
To here,
Behold
Those six large beers,
So large, and oh!—
So cold,
Go coursing down the throats
Of other
Men—
Twould be so sad,
For I would need them—
Then.

HUCKLEBERRY PIE.

SINCE we struck oil in Squabtown
We've been about a few,
An' livin' kind o' high, but I
'Ll say right here to you
'At these new-fangled dishes 'at
The swell 'otels ez got
Somehow don't seem to me to jes'
Exactly hit the spot.

Now, this yere bill o' fare's, I guess,
Considered purty fine—
With cave-e-air an' pom-de-tare
An' fancy kinds o' wine—
But 'long about this time o' year,
Ye know, I kind o' sigh
Fer jes' a good old-fashioned slab
O' huckleberry pie.

Ye don't keer much about it?
Well, I guess you never ate
The kind o' pie 'at mother made
Before we left the state
O' comfortable poverty
Fer all this bloomin' wealth,
An' started to get come-il-faut
An' undermine our health.

It didn't come in little strips—
But great, big, juicy slices—
An' many of 'em as ye pleased,
With no regard to prices.
It come about two inches thick—
An' crust—gee whiz! but my
Mouth's waterin' fer a piece o' mother's
Huckleberry pie.

Jes' like the clover use' to smell's
The way it use' to taste—
Seems as I kin feel it now
A-meltin' in my face—
Talk about yer flyin' wedges!
Fill me up an' let me die
Jes' full o' big, black, juicy chunks
O' huckleberry pie.

SINCE BABY CAME.

SINCE baby came, all cuddled in a heap
Of swaddling clothes, and I took my first peep,
The flowers have taken on a brighter hue;
The sky, somehow, has been a bluer blue;
And birds a chant triumphant seem to keep.

From out the bottom of my heart, so deep,
Tumultuous joy doth ever upward leap
Each time I hear a softly murmured
"Goo"—
Since baby came.

But, tho' a papa's pleasures I now reap,
And bachelors' empty pleasures make me weep,
There's just one thing I will admit to you—
(Remember that it's strictly "entre nous")—
I've only had about two hours' sleep—
Since baby came.

LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!

MY house is my castle," I used to sing,
And there I royally reigned
In supreme command of everything,
A regular regal kind of king—
Unbridled and unrestrained.

My castle and kingdom are lost to me—
My crown's on another's head;
And I, perforce, must bend the knee
In servitude to the "powers that be,"
To the Tyrant who rules instead.

Sans crown, sans scepter, I softly sing,
And naught can my peace annoy;
Though I don't amount to "any old thing,"
I, smiling, salaam to His Nobs, the King—
A twelve-pound baby boy.

SONG OF THE SURGICAL WARD

(By a Victim.)

TO the clinic room they run you on
a stretcher,
Then they lay you on a lovely
marble slab;
They waft you to the dopey land of no-
where,
And your manly form begin to cut
and jab.

They carve your lovely carcass with a
scalpel,
They slit you down the spinal with a
lance,
While they softly sing this merry little
chorus,
The pleasure of the nurses to en-
hance:

"Oh, Blood! Blood! Blood!
Red and juicy and raw;
Blood! Blood! Blood!
As we carve and slash and saw.
For you're only a bloomin' patient,
And your name is simply Mud;
Oh! it's ho! for the life
Of the scalpel and knife
And Blood! Blood! Blood!"

WEARY WILLIE.

IN the morning I hate to get up
And get all dressed, for then
I have to eat my meals an' just
Go back to bed again.

IN THE PARK.

STANDING here amid the beauties
Spread by Nature's bounteous
hand,
Under the blue arch of heaven,
I can feel my soul expand;
Though in rags, I'm yet a monarch—
Monarch of all I survey—
Summer, robed in verdant raiment,
Doth her annual homage pay.
Here I'm brought to earth, alas,
By—"Come, move on! Git off de
grass!"

"OUT BEHIND THE MOON."

(To the Boys of Indiana, Pa.)

SINCE poets have long of Arcady
sung,
Where blossoms the asphodel,
And have let their Pegasus wander free
Thro' Elysian field and dell;
Why shouldn't I, an embryo bard,
Warble in ecstasy here
Of the nearest place to Eden
I've found on this bleak old sphere;
A sylvan spot where care's forgot
And laughter and life are atune,
Where sorrow is drowned in the clink
passed round—
Out behind the moon.

Deep in the depths of a mighty wood,
By the banks of a rippling stream,
In the heart of God's own country
Where the world seems a turbulent
dream;
Gathered 'round the fountain of life,
Draining from joy the dregs,
Satyrs in their shirt sleeves sit,
Drinking dew drops from beer kegs;
Where the frog sings low his "Kunk-
Chlunk"
And the tree toads softly croon,
Where the booze-tree grows by the
brier rose—
Out behind the moon.

AN "O" ODE.

(At Night.)

IT'S O for the wine
While it sparkles—
It's O for a "bot"
And a bird—
It's O for a hack
Or a hansom—
For "laughter and song"
Is the word.

(The Next Morning.)

It's owe for the wine
That's a mem'ry—
It's owe for the bird
And the "bot";
It's owe for the carriage
And owe for it all—
And, oh! what a head
We have got.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

“**T**IS hard to be poor,” sighed the artist,
“Ah! 'tis hard to be poor,”
sighed he.
That's all right,” said his sketch pad,
“If you're busted, old man, *draw* on
me.”

A GOSSIP'S EPITAPH.

SHE talked of her neighbors,
She talked of her friends,
She talked of their “doings”;
Predicted their ends.

And, since she has died,
I'm perplexed, I avow,
As to just who in Hades
She talks about now.

THE MILKY WAY.

“**H**EY didle didle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the
moon”—
Is an ancient rhyme
Of ye olden time
With our nursery days atune.

But explain, if you can,
To an ignorant man,
And answer a question, pray,
That's got me humped—
When that 'old cow jumped
Did she jump in the *milky-way*?

AN ICE ODE.

(By the Bibbler.)

THERE'S many a slip
"Twixt the cup and the lip"
We find as thro' life we roam;
But there's many more "slips,"
Slides, falls and trips
"Twixt the cup and our bed at home.

THE LOST CHORD.

THE house seems lonely and empty,
Seems ever so strangely still;
In our hearts there's a void that
is aching—
A void that no voice can fill.

The whispered word that is spoken
Seems only the ghost of a sound
For which we are each of us yearning,
With only the silence around.

From our lives all the music's departed,
All harmony's gone since the day
The installment collector called on us
And took the piano away.

PERPLEXING.

WHEN the little bill collector
Chaseth up his little bill,
If I only happen to be out
I'm in my money still.

But if I happen to be in
When he appears about,
I have to loosen up and pay
The money—so I'm out.

And so my trolley's twisted,
For you see, beyond a doubt,
If I happen to be out—I'm in,
And if I'm in—I'm out.

"PORK AND —"

YER can't gi' me no con about yer layouts 'alley cart,'
Fer when it comes to feedin', why de grub dat plays de part
Wid me is plain old "pork and beans,"
a-comin' quick an' hot—
I tell ye, cull, dat certainly's de stuff
dat hits de spot.
Jes' drift into a hash-house where dey
don't tro' on no lugs—
Der ain't nobody barred at all but busted
bums an' bugs;
Get up on a stool an' tell de gent dat
runs de place
"If he'll chase along some pork an'
beans ye think ye'll feed yer face."
Den he'll holler in de lingo dat de cook
'll understand
Yer order trou' de wall-hole—an' it's
jes'—"pork and—"

Dey bring it to you all piled up, a regular dopey dome,
An' ye smear it all wid ketchup 'at 'ud
make ye leave yer home.
Ye can eat it any way ye want—de best
way's wid a knife,
So's ye kin chuck it quicker; an' say,
cull, on yer life,
I ain't jes' a-chinnin'; an' if ye need a
meal,
Why, stick to pork an' beans an' get a
pat hand every deal.
An' if ye find ye're broke an' got a
loidy on yer staff,
Jes' fill her up on beans—why, cull, ye
certainly 'ud laugh
To hear me Lizzy whisper—"Say, mebbe
dis ain't 'grand'!"—
When de guy dat pushes pies jes' hollers
out—"pork and—"

HIS FINISH.

HE was a fiery Frenchman,
With an awful thirst for gore;
Of those horrible French duels
He had fought at least a score;
He had started revolutions
'Til he found the sport grew tame;
But he fainted dead away the day
He saw a football game.

A RONDEAU.

JES' lyin' here, with nothin' else to do
But watch the clouds a-slidin'
'cross the blue,
Soft sky o' summer; what's the use o'
June,
When everything in nature seems
atune?
'Cept to lie here an' day-dream fancies
woo.

'Crost the meadows comes the dove's
soft coo,
The sweet scent o' the clover's driftin'
through
The daisies, as I doze from morn 'til
noon,
Jes' lyin' here.

As summer poetry that, I hope, will do;
It's zero weather and the snow drifts
through
My attic window; but it's none too
soon
On magazines to spring your poems
of June.
So for the shekels I am (sad but true)
Jes' lyin' here.

HOW'RE THEY COMIN' WITH YOU?

I STARTED 'round, the other day,
To satisfy myself
How fast the general public
Was accumulating wealth;
Each individual I met
I interviewed, you see,
So now I'll try and tell to you
What some of them told to me.

A shoemaker said he was "pegging
away,"
A lawyer was "lying low,"
A doctor was making his money
"Dead easy"—he told me so.
A butcher managed to "make ends
meat,"
The iceman had "struck a frost."
A plumber I met was "hitting the
pipe"—
Poor fellow, I guess he's lost.

A pickpocket was "taking things easy";
A baker was "loafing all day";
A grocer told me in confidence,
"Things were going his weigh."
A dentist was "living from hand to
mouth,"
And here, just to make a rhyme,
I'll have to *ring* in the jeweler,
Who was working "over time."

A burglar said "things were picking up,"
But he had to work at night;
Even a poor blind beggar man
Was "doing out of sight."
An ossified man was having
An awful "hard time," he said,
While an undertaker admitted
He was "doing well—on the dead."

A prima donna, who warbles,
Said "life went by like a song";
But a little soubrette I casually met
Was "barely getting along."
An oil producer told me
He "managed to get a long well,"
While a Hebrew merchant mentioned
He had "clothing to burn or sell."

I asked a spiritualist how things were;
"Just medium," she replied.
A barber said he was "scraping along,"
And then curled up and died.
A furrier "ran a skin game,"
A jockey was "on the go,"
But it turned my head when a dress-
maker said
She was doing "sew and sew."

Now, pardon me if in conclusion
Of myself I modestly speak—
All I'm doing is digging out stuff like
this
For sixty cents a week.

IN THE SPRING.

IN the Spring was when I met her;
Witching maid! I'll ne'er forget her,
As she merrily tripped by me, with a
milk pail
On her arm.

She was dainty as the dew, sir,
As she said: "I don't know you, sir!"
When I chanced a friendly greeting, and
I really
Meant no harm.

When I put my arm around her
In the spring-house, where I found her
Dipping water in a pitcher—'Twas a
most
Distressing thing!

For the maid demurely slipped me
By, and dexterously tripped me;
And then, laughingly, she left me—
laughing, left me—
In the spring.

RETROSPECTION.

REMEMBER, I remember,
De house where I wuz born;
Where, on de quiet, my father
Distilled moonshine from de corn.
I wuz in childish ignorance,
And now 'tis little joy
To know I'm furder off from heaven
Dan when I wuz a boy.

BUT I'M NOT.

IF I were a poet with burning thoughts
To spring on the public in gilt-bound
lots,
I'd warble a strain whose strident tones
Would ring from the Torrid to Frigid
zones;
Kipling would look like last year's snow
And Markham resemble the man with
the hoe.
I'd only write when the spirit steals
O'er me, and not for the price of my
meals—
Oh! the world would be an Arcadian
spot
If I were a poet, you know—
But I'm not.

If I were a Croesus with bonds and
stocks
And country places and brown-stone
blocks,
I'd drive fast horses and own a yacht
And give away organs and gawd knows
what;
I'd smoke cigars at a dollar per
And hire a valet to call me "Sir":
I'd drink champagne with every meal
And rumble around in an automobile—
Oh! I'd be a sport who was right on the
dot
If I were a Croesus, you know—
But I'm not.

If I were married—ah! blissful dream,
With what a host of delights you teem:
In a cheap little home with a dear lit-
tle wife
I'd merrily drift down the stream of
life!
'Round papa the children would glee-
fully play
When I'd get home, after working all
day
At a job I realized would never be
done—
Grubbing for five mouths instead of
for one.
Mine all the joys of true love in a cot
If I were married, you know—
But I'm not.

If I were anything, you can see
What a marked improvement the change
would be;
If I were a doctor—even a horse—
I'd get my meals as a matter of course;
If I were the ice man or just a Judge,
Or a ladies' tailor, perhaps—oh, fudge!
Or only a plain bank president,
'Twould remove my worry about the
rent—
Yes, 'twould be a most excellent change,
I wot,
If I were any old thing—

But I'm not.

If I were worrying, you perceive,
My life would be a continual grieve;
But too many troubles I've already got
To worry about the things I am not,
For worry you'll find a most excellent
salve
If you've not what you want is to want
what you have;
You're lucky or you would have long
ago died—
If you would be happy be just *satisfied*—
For mine would indeed be a horrible lot
If I were worrying—See?

But I'm not.

'S LOVE.

LOVE? Ye got me guessin' now—
Can't explain the "why" nor
"how"—
Kind o' puzzlin', I allow,
's love.
Figure out a lot o' truck
'Bout a fortune—fortune's luck—
Find you're kind o' daffy struck—
's love.
Git your ideas o' the girl
'S to be your priceless pearl—
Find your bloomin' head's a-whirl—
's love.
Jes' a girl—don't matter who,
Jes' so she's the girl for you—
All your figurin' is through—
's love.

Jes' a girl and jes' a way
'At she's got, an' it's all day
With everything—you'll only say—
"s love."

Love? Well, now, I can't jes' size it
Up—don't worry, you'll get wise, it
Won't git by—you'll recognize it—
's love.

IF.

O H, wouldn't the world be a jolly
old place
If nobody needed food—
If nobody had any use for clothes,
Yet nobody ever was nude?

If nobody ever had to get up
At the dawn of the morning light—
If nobody ever went to bed
Because nobody slept at night?

If nobody ever had worries or cares
And nobody ever was sad—
If nobody ever was too dashed good
And nobody ever was bad?

If nobody talked about others' affairs
Because nobody cared a curse—
If nobody ever got sick again
And nobody ever got worse?

If nobody knew the way to read
And nobody *tried* to write—
If nobody ever drank water,
Yet nobody ever got tight?

If nobody needed money
Nor had to work and sigh—
If we all had nothing to do but live
And nobody had to die?

MARY'S LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
He was her little beau,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb put up the dough.

He followed up a little tip,
To Wall Street he did roam;
'Twas there they fleeced this little
lamb—
Now Mary stays at home.

WILLIE'S RUBAIYAT.

I DON'T know what the trouble is,
I often tried to guess;
Somehow I never seem to 'zactly
Fit in with the rest.
There's al'ays one left over,
An' I could never see
How it happens 'at the one's
Most generally al'ays me.

When company'd come to supper,
W'y, 'en Ma 'ud kind o' sigh
An' say, "Now, Willie, dear, you
Never did care much for pie,
An', as it won't go all way 'round.
Eat lots o' bread and jam,
Nen, when it comes your turn for pie,
Jes' say, "No, thank you, ma'am."

An' nen at school it al'ays seemed
'At trouble came my way;
The teacher he 'ud jump on me
For nuthin' every day;
An' he'd get mad an' call me dunce
An' a blockheaded fool,
Nen usually he'd keep me in
An' lick me after school.

Nen one afternoon he said
He knew I understood
As how he couldn't whip the girls,
Tho' it 'ud do 'em good;
'At they made him so ravin' mad
'At he 'ud have a fit
'Less he worked it off on some one,
An'—I was used to it.

An' when Thanksgivin' comes around,
An' all our kith an' kin
Have a family reunion an'
Stuff pie an' turkey in
'Emselves until they almos' bust,
There's room fer all but one;
'En father, he says, "William won't
Mind waitin' 'til we're done."

I guess if I 'ud die an' go
To heaven right away,
St. Peter 'd peep out thro' the gate
An' see it's me, 'en say—
"I'm awful sorry, Willie, we're
So crowded, but I know
You won't mind waitin' round outside
Fer a thousand years or so."

I guess 'at I 'uz born too soon
Or else not soon enough,
Fer somehow I don't seem to fit,
An' you can bet it's tough;
So I'm goin' to join a circus
Or be a soldier an' get hit,
Fer I'm tired o' playin' in a game
An' al'ays bein' "it."

"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE"

A BUNCH of islands in an ocean
grew—

Listen to our tale of woe;
A bunch of islands of yellow hue,
Owned by Spain and over-due
They grew,
"Tis true—

Listen to our tale of woe.

As Dewey was sailing the ocean
through—

Listen to our tale of woe;
He spied those islands of yellow hue,
For Uncle Sam he grabbed a few,
The few

In view—

Listen to our tale of woe.

Now, Uncle Sam to the game was new—

Listen to our tale of woe;
He bit off the bunch and swallowed the
chew

And then the trouble began to brew—

Too true!

Boo hoo!

Listen to our tale of woe.

"Tis a trouble you doctors can't subdue—

Listen to our tale of woe;
So, Uncle, let us prescribe for you;
Take an emetic and you'll pull through—

That's true!

So do!

Listen to our tale of woe.

THE BLUFF.

THE boy stood on a little pair—
Stood pat. When all had fled
He pocketed the pot and quit—
Just twenty plunks ahead.

THE MARRIED MAN'S OPINION.

WHEN it comes to female furnishing—frocks—furbelows and such—
You'll find no one upon this transient orb knows half as much
As to what looks best and prettiest upon a woman than
The poor, down-trodden, over-ridden, sat-on married man.

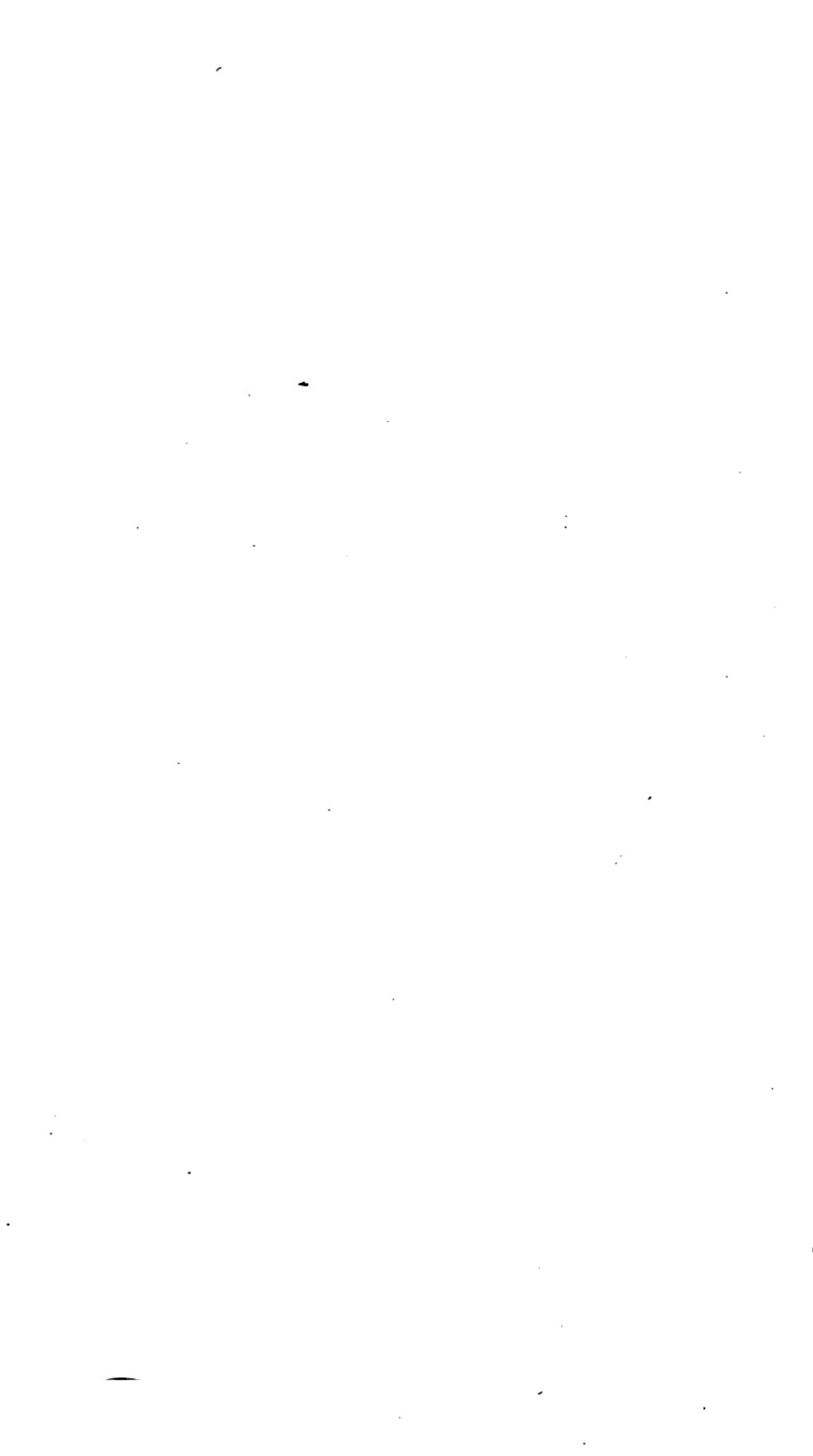
He doesn't care for "gew-gaws"—
"they're so vulgar, don't you know"—
"Look just like a Christmas tree," or
"you're a holy show"—
He certainly is strenuous about the quiet and chaste—
As for diamonds? You know diamonds show excruciating taste.

And when it comes to gowns? He knows what looks the best—
The worst—the worst, of course, is "looking over-dressed"—
To one old worn-out, passed-around, worm-eaten gag he clings—
"You know, dear, you look sweetest in those simple little things."

And hats? Well, that's so easy it's a shame to ring it in—
"The profit made by milliners is certainly a sin"—
No "Parisian creations" ever worn by dames of wealth
Can be compared a minute with the ones she makes herself.

At last, to cap the climax, most sincerely he'll declare
He never notices at all what other women wear—
And he wouldn't, either, you can bet your bloomin' life—
If other women dressed the way he'd like to dress his wife.

“My Ladye Faire”



A PICNIC POEMLET.

I HAVE dined at Del's and Sherry's
and at many a table d'hote—
In French "cafes" and Chinese
"joints" I've tantalized my
throat—
I have dallied with a bird petite and
cracked a bottle cold—
Run the gamut from martini's to the
brie bedecked with mould;
But the daintiest repast I've ever stowed
away within
Were some large and luscious olives
off a

Long
Hat
Pin.

Gather round, ye sated gourmands, with
the jaded appetites—
I'll disclose to you the cream of gastro-
nomical delights;
Try it and you'll all declare it simply is
immense,
And your wildest epicurean dreams will
look like "thirty cents";
Just get a dainty maiden, with a dimple
in her chin,
To sit and feed you olives off a

Long
Hat
Pin.

Perhaps you don't like olives?—I don't
either,—never mind,
Just try my little process and I'll guar-
antee you'll find
A sweet, salubrious feeling to your
thought-dome swiftly mounts,
And the girl that does the feeding is the
only thing that counts;
Oh! that I might drift to Dreamland
from this sordid world of sin
While "my baby" feeds me olives off a

Long
Hat
Pin.

THE WORLD AND A WOMAN.

HOW alike are the world and a woman—
If a man but comprehends—
The poles of the world are in mystery furled,
And so are a woman's ends.

The world thro' the universe circles
In its flight on its orbit true—
A woman calls 'round in her "circle,"
And is more or less *fligthy*, too.

A man gives his all for a woman,
And her lip's in derision curled—
The world gives but shabby treatment
When a man gives up all for the world.

But a man who laughs at its trials
Will never have lived in vain—
And a woman will shower her favors
Where treated with most disdain.

The world is a cruel master,
While a woman's a tyrant, too—
Yet both are supreme in their beauty
When the skies and the eyes are blue.

The world awakes in its glory
When the sun thro' the gloom appears—
A woman's sublime in her sorrow
Who can smile on the world thro' tears.

Yes, to me the world and a woman
Will ever synonymous be—
For my world's in the eyes of a woman,
And a woman's the world to me.

A WISH.

OH! for a tiny barque
Upon an ocean blue;
This cold, prosaic world behind—
Alone, sweetheart, with you
Upon a sea of happiness—
Without a thought but love,
The waters grand on either hand,
The star-strewn sky above;
With Cupid for our helmsman
We'd sail away together,
You and I, and Love, fond heart,
Forever and forever.

A TOAST.

HERE'S to the girl with midnight
eyes
And hair of raven hue!
To the girl with the quivering lash and
lips
And eyes of deep, deep blue!

Here's to the girl divinely fair;
To the girl so queenly tall!
Here's to the girl with Titian hair—
But here's to the dearest of all—

To the girl of girls! the girl who shines
O'er my soul like the sun above;
Come, drink with me all—
The best girl in the world!
The girl that loves me—that I love!

TILLY'S HAIR.

TILLY'S hair bewilders me
With its tints of gleaming gold
Banked up in a glorious mass—
Back and front and fold on fold.

Just why it bewilders me
I don't suppose you really care;
But how much of it's "rats" and things,
And how much of it's—*Tilly's hair?*

AND HE DIDN'T.

SHY and blushing maiden,
Sprig of mistletoe.
He caught her right beneath it;
'Course she didn't know.
But when he went to kiss her
She angrily cried, "Don't!
Stop, sir!"—and he acquiesced
And promptly said, "I won't."

SILENCE GIVES CONSENT.

HE asked her what she'd do
If he stole a kiss,
Sub rosa.
She answered not—so he purloined
A bunch of them—
Sub nosa.

A MEMORY I REMEMBER.

TOGETHER we sat on the seat
where we sat
As we sat on the winding stair;
And lovingly held in our hands the
hands
Our hands were holding there.
While I looked in her eyes with a look
that looked
In the look she looked in mine,
And the feeling we felt was a feeling
you've felt,
And perhaps divine was divine.

A silent stillness silently stole
O'er our soulfully silent souls;
And her slim waist there on the wind-
ing stairs
My winding arm enfolds.
She breathed her breath in a breathless
breathe,
And sighed a sigh on the side,
While o'er my being glidingly glided
A most beatific glide.

She snuggled up to me snugger
Than she'd ever snugged before;
And a wonderful wonder wandered
My wandering senses o'er—
To think that I, myself—that's me—
Ego, We Us and Co.,
Had won the one love of this lovely girl,
Who lovingly loved me so.

And sitting there on the seat where we
sat
We might have been sitting yet,
Yet we aren't, and the cause is just be-
cause
We were just sitting out the set.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

WHEN love is dead this world
will be a dark and dreary
place—
When love is dead we'll seldom see a
smile on human face—
Sunshine then will never fall across
life's weary way—
While musing thus a voice I hear and
some one seems to say:
"When love is dead—ah, mortal, know,
That what you dread will ne'er be so;
Tho' tears are shed, yet do not sigh—
For love, true love, can never die."

WANTED—A WIFE.

I'M looking for a maiden,
She must be slim, petite,
With wee, aristocratic hands
And dainty little feet.

A brow like alabaster—crowned
With hair of reddish gold,
A figure—just a trifle plump—
About on Psyche's mold.

Her eyes must be that liquid brown
The poets rave about—
Her mouth a dainty rosebud
That's ne'er been known to pout.

Her nose—a little, classic one,
And eyebrows black as night—
Her neck like chiseled ivory,
Her shoulders snowy white.

She must be bright and witty and
With every grace endowed.
Her disposition must be sweet
And not the least bit proud.

And then, as poets sometimes eat—
I must insist, I fear,
That she have—in her own name, too—
Ten thousand plunks a year.

Now, gentle reader, if you fill
The bill—don't hesitate
To ship yourself at once to me—
"Yours truly" pays the freight.

GOLF—AS SUSIE PLAYS IT.

I DINNA ken so very much about the
game of golf—
And, what is more, I ken I dinna
care;
For the difference 'twixt a "stymie" and
a "foozle" or a "cleek"
Is a problem that I can't get thro' my
hair.

Yet, 'round the links I wander in a
dreamy sort of way,
And each time she swings her
"brassy" I applaud,
For I know no joy that's keener nor
sensation that's serener
Than simply watching Susie soak the
sod.

MARJORIE MINE.

MARJORIE MINE—
I am sitting to-night
'Neath the summer moon's soft
glow,
Living again in Dreamland, love,
An evening of long ago;
When we sat in the deepening twilight
And I laid my all at your shrine—
You whispered "Yes"—a tender caress;
Then I named you "Marjorie Mine."

Oh! the years have been long and
weary, love,
Since that night in the dim Faraway,
And Time has bended me low, sweet-
heart,
And sprinkled my hair with gray;
I am nearing the end of the journey
now;
But, through all, I have always been
thine,
And you, tho' you left me alone, long
ago,
Have always been
"Marjorie Mine."

FAIREST FLOWERS.

THE fairest flowers in the world!
Dost know them, reader mine?
Can't tell the fairest blossoms
That this bleak old world intwine?
Roses, did you say? Nay! Nay!
The pansy's knowing face?
Beautiful chrysanthemums,
That swing with stately grace?
The dainty daisy, turning
Its face toward the sun?
Sweetly scented violets?—
The list is but begun.
But no! though all are passing fair,
'Tis not of these I sing;
Nor of arbutus—flow'rets
That among the mosses cling;
Nor yet the tiger lily, as
Its Titian wealth unfurls—
But of the fairest flowers of all—
A bunch of *Youngstown girls*.

LOVE.

WHAT is love? Now, that's the question
Disarranges the digestion
Of about a million mortals, more or less;
They know all about astronomy,
Political economy,
But when they tackle Love they have to guess.

Now of love I've made a study,
And I challenge anybody
Who about it think they know a thing or two;
To start their brains a twirling
And their wisdom wheels to whirling,
And get up and try to tell me something new.

Love's no everlasting joy
Nor a naked little boy,
Nor like anything on earth or heaven above—
It's a queer, fantastic feeling
O'er your system softly stealing,
And you blame it on your liver—but it's—love.

Just because a maiden fair
Lays her head of golden hair,
With a gentle sigh, upon your manly heart,
You suddenly grow spooney,
Also just a trifle looney,
And swear that from her side you'll never part.

Then you nestle up together,
And you softly ask her whether
She's "oor 'ittle 'ucky ducky," don't you know—
An' you never hear her Pop
Till on you he's got the drop,
And out into the street you quickly go.

You are picked up in a trance,
Taken in an ambulance,
And in place your broken bones the doctors shove.
With a face that's badly battered,
And a collar bone that's shattered
You can bet your bottom dollar that is love—
You can bet your bottom dollar
That is Love.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

JUST a dear little womanly woman,
With the light of a soul in her
eyes—
The gleam of a God-speeded sunbeam
Shining out 'neath a brow worldly-
wise;
With soft hands to smooth out the
pillow
Of pain; with sweet face bent above
The bed of some poor stricken fellow—
Ministering angel of love.

She's not a tall ravishing beauty
To be sued in the dust for a smile;
Nor a cute dimpled bit of a plaything
To be fondled and petted a while;
She's just a girl—happy and human,
Sweet, sympathetic and wise—
Just a dear little womanly woman,
With the light of a soul in her eyes.

PERSISTENCE.

JUST a score of faded letters,
Breathing tender words and true—
But what memories they awaken
As once more I read them through:
There was Gladys, little darling,
Dainty Sue, Louise, sedate—
Penelope, who seemed so shy—
Margo, Ann and lovely Kate;
They're all married now, and I—
Well—
I'm looking out for Number Eight.

BREAK, BREAK—BROKE!

“**B**REAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O
sea,”
As I sit on the beach with the lovely
maid
Who has promised to marry me.

* * * * *

Two happy weeks together—
What a future of bliss we planned—
Then she went home and I realized
The “touch” of that vanished hand.

Broke, broke, broke,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea,
And the beautiful “roll” I had when I
came
Will never come back to me.

SOME ONE.

JUST to have some one to share it!
Dear heart, that's the substance and
sum
Of all that is worth the achieving—
All happiness now and to come.
Just to have some one to share it,
Whether it's gray sky or blue—
Just to have some one to share it—
Just to have some one—that's *you*.

Just to have some one—just some one—
Just a dear cheek close to mine—
Just a hand warm with affection
And the roses and rue intertwine.
Some one to help you to bear it—
Or share just the sunshine for two.
Just to have some one to share it—
Some one—the *one* one—that's *you*.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

I THOUGHT that Love was dead
And laid to rest
Upon his downy couch
Within my breast;
Slain by a quivering arrow
From the bow
Of one I thought I loved:—
I did not know
That Love, whom I thought dead,
Was but asleep,
And resting from his cares
In slumber deep—
Until you came and to him
Sleeping, spoke,
Then at your gentle bidding—
Love awoke.

MAY—EXPENSIVE MAY.

MAY usually meanders here
About the first of May,
And now's a pretty time of year
Of May to sing a lay;
But the May I'm thinking of
(Tho' a much warmer member
Than any other May I've struck)
Didn't strike me 'till December.

May's the month of all the year
That poets love to sing of;
Month of all other months more dear
To them—and quite a string of
Poetry I could warble, too,
For naught to me is clearer
That, dear as May may be to them,
Still May to me is *dearer*.

TO A KENTUCKY BELLE.

AS the gentle breeze of summer stirs
the leaves upon the trees,
And they seem to murmur in
complete content;
As wafted zephyrs softly play upon
aeolian strings
'Til they harmonize in sweet abandon-
ment—
So from the discords of my life angelic
music springs
And bears my weary soul aloft upon its
widespread wings—
'Tis just the softest touch on my heart's
responsive strings—
Of a breath from the blue grass of Ken-
tucky.

THE MAID AND THE MAN.

WHERE are you going, my
pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-berrying, sir,"
she said.

"Where do you berry, my pretty maid?"
"In the cemetery, you zimp," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"It's none of your funeral, sir," she said.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

(With apology to James Whitcomb Riley.)

OH! two beautiful eyes of a sky-tinted blue,
Reflecting a soul, saintly pure,
shining through—
Two beautiful eyes that gleam out like
the sun,
Dispelling the gloom when the long
night is done—
Have shed their soft glow o'er my heart,
bleak and bare,
And scattered the shadows long linger-ing there;
Up out of life's discords sweet sym-phonies rise
As I stand in the light of two beautiful
eyes.

Oh! two glorious eyes, black—black as
the night,
As they darkly shine out 'neath a brow
snowy white.
Thro' languorous lids they have looked
into mine
And my senses are drugged in the potion
divine;
Drunk with their beauty, I reel, slip
and fall,
And in their dark depths sink my life,
love and all,
As, deaf to the warning that bids me
arise,
I swoon in the night of two glorious
eyes.

LOVE'S DAY.

LOVE and Laughter, hand in hand,
Danced upon the glistening sand,
On the shore of Life's wide sea,
In the morning, merrily.

In the noontime, Love again
Treads Life's shore, but now 'tis Pain
By her side walks wearily,
In the noontime, by the sea.

Late the evening shadows fall;
Waiting, by the sea, the Call,
Love, with Sorrow on her breast,
Sits, as the sun sinks in the West.

THAT OLD COAT SLEEVE OF MINE.

(A soliloquy on an old dress coat.)

THERE it hangs, alone, discarded,
An old dress coat of ancient cut;
Once it proudly graced a ballroom,
Now its mission's over; but
That sleeve—ah! as I watch it,
Self to fancy I resign,
And to memories that linger
'Round that old coat sleeve of mine.

I recall when first I wore it—
'Twas a dinner—just a score
Of gay old friends invited down
To meet Miss Boggs, of Baltimore.
I met her—took her in to dinner—
(Violet eyes, petite, divine)
How her fingers seemed to nestle
In that old coat sleeve of mine.

We talked about the opera,
The latest ball, the atmosphere;
But her voice (I still can hear it)
Seemed like music in my ear.
Of that dinner I remember
Not the cuisine or the wine;
But the creamy silk that rustled
'Gainst that old coat sleeve of mine.

Like the foolish moth that hovers
'Round the candle's flickering light,
All unconscious of its danger,
So I lingered near that night;
Yes, I recollect I asked her
For a waltz—ah! 'twas divine,
As about her dainty waist
I put that old coat sleeve of mine.

One evening 'neath the spreading palms
We stood—in trembling accents I
Told her, told her that I loved her,
That my love would never die;
Would she be my wife? Then, in her
Eyes I saw my answer shine;
And a little brown head rested
On that old coat sleeve of mine.

AN IMPRESSION ON AN OLD COAT.

AH! old coat, your day is over;
Spiketails, we must say "adieu."
I must hie me to some junk shop
On your folds to raise a few.
For my purse is lean and empty,
There's a dryness in my throat;
So on Poverty's grim altar
I must offer you—old coat.

Say, old coat, do you remember
(“Yes,” you'd answer, could you
speak)
When against that shiny shoulder
Rested a rose-tinted cheek?
Ah, the mem'ry of those moments
(Moments now somewhat remote),
And that cheek's soft pressure make it
Hard to part with you—old coat.

Yes, old coat, 'tis hard to sell you—
All my efforts are in vain;
Not an old-clothes man will take you
With that ancient grease-paint stain.

IN THE FALL.

IN the fall the young man's fancy sadly
turns to thoughts of how
He's going to keep his little social
ball a-rolling now;
His summer girl's a hummer and he
wants to keep her—yet
His winter clothes are all in hock, he's
over ears in debt;
Oh, the loving cup of Cupid's full of
bitterness and gall
For the summer man who loves his
summer sweetheart in the fall.

In the fall ice cream and soda will, alas,
no longer do;
It's up to ale and oysters, and perhaps a
Lobster, too.
There's theaters and concerts and co-
tillions by the score,
With football games and candy and
chrysanthemums galore;
But, there's still some satisfaction in
rememb'ring thro' it all
That Mother Eve put Adam up against
it in *The Fall*.

LOVE'S INVENTORY.

SOME people for the "lucre" love
And seek to find a wife
Who possesses the "mazuma"
To support them all their life;
But 'tis not for the glittering gold,
Nor for her worldly wealth
I love my love—for all I love
My love for is—herself.

Yet, when of the situation
I an inventory take,
I can't deny the fact that I
Have captured quite a stake;
And, if you'll bear in mind what I've
Asserted just above,
I'll confess some of the reasons why
I love my love.

I love her for the diamonds—
That sparkle in her eyes
And make their slightest glance appear
A ray from Paradise;
I love her for her ivory—brow,
And shoulders snowy white,
And for her silver—voice that echoes
In my ears to-night.

I love her for her pearls—the teeth
That brightly gleam at you,
And for the ruby—lips that, laughing,
Put the pearls on view;
I love her for her gold—en hair,
Her wealth—of sun-kissed curls;
But I love her most because she's worth
A million—other girls.

THE WINNER.

PLAYING cards with Charlotte,
'Neath the lamp's soft glow—
Thought that I would teach her
All she didn't know.
She was a beginner,
I a veteran old;
She declared she'd beat me—
Most absurdly bold.

Hands I held were good ones,
Hers were very poor—
That I'd beat her badly,
Felt serenely sure.
Alas, I was mistaken—
When the game was done,
Somehow we held each other's hands
And—Charlotte won.

OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN.

AHO! for our castles in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Aho! for our castles in Spain—
Tho' the days be dark and the nights
be long,
And troubles troop by in an endless
throng,
There is happiness still if you'll harken
my song—
Aho! for our castles in Spain.

Aho! for our castles in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Aho! for our castles in Spain.
The world is a wearisome round of
strife
Where sorrow is surging and sin is rife,
So let's sail to the sunshine of love and
life—
Aho! for our castles in Spain.

Aho! for our castles in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Aho! for our castles in Spain.
I love you, darling, but never a gleām
Of hope I see of a joy supreme,
So away I'll sail on the wings of a
dream—
Away to my castle in Spain.

Away to my castle in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Away to my castle in Spain,
For there in my kingdom my soul's
serene,
The skies are blue and the fields are
green;
I'm lord of it all, love, and you are my
queen—
Away in my castle in Spain.

ONLY A KISS.

TOGETHER they stand in the doorway,
Bidding each other goodby—
Lingered there in the gloaming,
The youth and the maiden shy.
His arm her fair form encircles,
Slightly upturned is her face,
And he does precisely the same thing
You would have done in his place.

Only a kiss in the twilight,
Only a tender caress—
Only one moment of rapture
As he folds her close to his breast;
But on his heart is engraven
That scene in figures of light—
To the end of his days he'll remember
The kiss he gave her that night.

Light on the stair falls a footstep,
Unheeded by youth or by maid;
And thro' the gloaming an optic
Upon the two lovers is laid—
They, never thinking that papa
Was getting dead on to all this
Were happy, so happy together
As he on her lips pressed a kiss.

Only a kiss in the twilight,
Only a tender caress—
Only one moment of rapture;
What happened then you can guess.
On the seat of his pants is imprinted
The spot where that "Trilby" did
Night—
To the end of his life he'll remember
The kiss he gave her that night.

KISSES.

I WIS that a kiss is
The acme of blisses;
And the Miss who dismisses
As "horrid" all kisses
Most truly remiss is—
The reason just this is—
There are kisses and—*kisses*.

AT DUQUESNE GARDEN.

AS I fasten Phyrne's skate
Phyrne sits serene, sedate;
While I kneel with lowly mien
Like a slave before a queen.

Past us speeds the merry throng—
Yet I linger over long;
But who would not hesitate,
As they fasten Phyrne's skate?

Tho' here on the ice I kneel,
Cold, somehow, I fail to feel;
But a glowing warmth as she
Glances shyly down at me.

And tho', swiftly in and out,
Skaters whirl and twirl about,
Circling gracefully around
To the music's rhythmic sound,

Still, I positively state,
There is not one can gyrate,
Like the wheels within my pate,
As I fasten Phyrne's skate.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

SOMEBODY loves me,
And I know who!
The darkling sky seems the bluest
blue,
The flowers seem gowned in a lovelier
hue,
Since I've found out, and I know it's
true—
That somebody loves me—
And I know who.

Somebody loves me,
I won't tell who!
It wouldn't be the right thing to do;
I worried myself for a month or two,
She wouldn't tell me, so I won't tell
you;
But somebody loves me—
And I know who.

Somebody loves me,
And I know who!
Somebody's laughing eyes of blue
Let just the tiniest gleam slip through;
All by mistake, I think, don't you?
But somebody loves me—
And I know who.

A REFLECTION.

A WEE, winsome bit of a woman—
More fair than tongue hath
told—
With eyes as blue as turquoise—
Brow bound with burnished gold.

Formed like the Captive Venus
From her sun-kissed hair to her feet—
Lips like dew-dipped roses,
Perplexingly perfect—complete;

'Tis a picture, dear, of some one,
With face and form divine,
Who has come like a breath from heaven
Into this heart of mine.

The original? You would see her,
You little inquisitive lass,
Who has captured this old bachelor?
Consult your looking glass.

THE LOST LOVE.

WHAT love of all loves is the
dearest
To the love-hungry, sad, human
heart?

The great mother love, the sincerest?
Or the love that will never depart?

Or is it the love of our childhood?
Or the love of a lost summer's day?
The love we have wooed in the wild
wood?
Or the love that will live on for aye?

Nay! The love of all loves shining
clearest
In our world-weary souls, tempest
tossed—
The love that is nearest and dearest
Is the love we still love but have lost.

SOMETHING ABOUT HER.

THREE was something about her
 Appealed to him;
 Something mystical, hazy, dim—
 Seemed to her silken skirts to cling;
 Some subtle, strange, intangible thing—
From her rust-red hair to her ankles
 Trim.

It may have been true or just a whim;
Seemingly she was most mild and prim;
 But floating around on Rumor's wing—
There was something about her.

But he didn't care! In the social swim
Both reputations and waists are slim;
 In the rose-hued realm where Folly's
 King
 "A past" is a deucedly proper thing;
So, when she dreamily called him
 "Jim"—
There was *something* about her.

THEN AND NOW.

HER wedding cards arrived to-day;
 As I read the dainty lines
 My fancy wanders backward and
 In the distant gloaming, finds
Us slowly strolling, hand in hand,
 'Neath the greenwood's spreading
 bough;
I the old, sweet story told—
 The other fellow tells it now.

While I sit alone, to-night,
 Confirmed old bachelor to the last,
 Dreaming o'er the faded leaves
 In the album of the past—
What is this? A tear-drop falling?
 The sunshine of my life I thought
 her;
I could shed a sea of tears—
 For the luckless guy who got her.

WHEN SHE SAID "YES."

WHEN she said "yes,"
 You do not know,
 I'm sure you'd never guess
The girl I mean;
 Yet of my heart that little "yes"
Made her the queen;
 And me her humble slave,
I must confess—
 When she said "yes."

When she said "yes,"
 'Twas like a rose
 Within some wilderness,
Its fragrance pure
 Exhaling everywhere—so "yes,"
From lips demure,
 Diffused within my heart
 True happiness—
 When *you* said "yes."

TELL ME TRULY, TILLY.

TILLY is twenty years old to-day
(She told me herself, so I
 know)—
Twenty short summers have passed
 away
 In the autumn's golden glow.
In the whispering breeze's murmurings
 The news to the leaves is told,
And the leaves laugh back in answer—
 "‘Tilly is twenty years old.’"

Tilly is twenty years old to-day—
 She told me herself—but I know
A thing or two about Tilly, old girl,
 That the family records show.
"Born in '79, Matilda,"
 They read in letters bold,
So if you believe for a minute
 Tilly is twenty—*you're sold.*

HOW GOSSIP GOES.

THIRTY women, all told,
Were at Mrs. Van Talkem's tea,
Telling the trouble of every one
Who happened to absent be.

Said Mrs. I. Knowet to Mrs. Dotel,
"If you'll promise you'll never repeat
What I say, I'll tell you a secret—
A scandal that's simply a treat.
"Mrs. Soandso did such and such,
Etcetera and so on, you know;
I'm not sure it's true, and I've told only
you—
Don't repeat it, dear. Well, I must
go."

So she went, and after she'd gone,
If you looked in you'd behold,
Remaining at Mrs. Van Talkem's tea,
Twenty-nine women—all told.

TO "THE THREE OF YOU."

LOVE is sacrifice and service, and life's pathway is strewn with briars; but as long as love and life go onward hand in hand, you will find a rainbow in every tear and God's peace and blessing will crown your cup of joy.

“Jes’ Dreamin’”



JES' DREAMIN'.

JES' dreamin'—
'Thout a thought
Of a lot of things I ought
To get done;
But jes' 'low me to acquaint
Y' with the bloomin' fac', I ain't
Worryin' none.

People ask me what I 'spect
To become,
An' I kind o' guess I'll be
Jes' a bum;
Somehow I can't resurrect
No excuse—
Jes' a habit like 'ith me—
What's the use?

Jes' dreamin'
All the time;
Life and work don't seem to rhyme
Somehow 'ith me;
While the rest of the world's a-schemin',
Lemme be—
Jes' dreamin'.

Dreamin' lemme live my day
(A little work, a little play),
An' 'nen lemme pass away—
Jes' dreamin'.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

DID you ever stop to think, as you worry 'long Life's road,
What's the use o' all your growlin'
in' an' a grumblin' at your load?
This here ain't such a awful world to live in, after all;
There's lots o' things to take the place o' bitterness an' gall;
The sunshine 'at's a-floatin' 'round 'ud kind o' make you blink,
If you'd only turn an' face it—
Did you ever stop to think?

The trouble is 'at people start to worry jes' a bit,
An' then before they know it they get kind o' used to it;
An' sort o' spread their cares around, ain't never satisfied—
If they've got no one 'at's dyin' they rake up the ones 'at's died.
They don't seem comfortable 'less 'ey stand on sorrow's brink
An' cuss the world an' worry—
Did you ever stop to think?

Did you ever stop to think the sun's a-shinin' over all,
That this world's no sphere o' sorrow, tho' it ain't no golden ball;
But it's full o' joy an' gladness as a pansy bed with faces,
An' all you got to do is jes' to dodge the gloomy places;
Jes' hustle to be happy an' you'll find the missin' link
That's connectin' earth an' heaven—
Did you ever stop to think?

WHAT'S THE USE?

WHAT'S the use o' worryin'?
Let the world jog on;
Things 'at's comin's comin',
Things 'at's gone is gone.

'Fore you was a-peepin'
The earth was rollin' 'round
Jes' the way it will be
When you're under ground.

What's the use o' worryin'?
It will come all right;
'Round you seems the darkest
When you're in the light.

Take things as you find 'em,
An' jes' be satisfied;
The man 'at wanted everything
Was wantin' when he died.

What's the use o' worryin'?
Be happy where you're at;
Don't bother 'bout the future—
God's a-runnin' that.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

IT came with a horrible rumbling roar
In the deathly still of the night;
A crash and all was chaos—
And we saw through the blinding light
The awful fear on each human face
Turned heavenward to implore
One minute's grace—a minute's space,
And all breathing life was o'er.

The mountains crumbled into the sea,
Whose waves surged higher, higher;
Till the earth was wrapped, from pole to
pole,
In a lurid lake of fire.
And the world, its little allotted course
In the mighty universe run,
A sizzling, seething ball of flame,
Dashed downward toward the sun.

And 'way out on another planet,
In the firmament, gleaming afar,
A little child cried: "Oh, mamma, look!
See the pretty shooting star."

JES SATISFIED.

(A No'th Ca'linia Soliloquy, Andanté.)

JES satisfied, Sal's, all Ah want to be,
Jes kind o' cumfo'table—"neath a
tree;
Jes lyin' 'round with nuthin' else to do
But wait foh meals an' keep the flies
off you;
Ah guess that that'll be enough foh me.

Ah sutinly need a nurse an' you can see
You'll have to take a chance—"taint
often we
Can think of any one we evah knew
Jes satisfied.

But Ah've a hunch that you an' Ah'll
agree
'Bout everything, jes long's you leave me
be
To do as Ah durn please; an' as foh
you—
Why, Sally girl, you jes got to be true;
An' Ah? Ah'll be in heaven, girlie!
gee—
Jes satisfied.

THE OLD, OLD DAYS.

THE old, old days,
The old, old days—
How far we have drifted adown
the stream
Of Life—where sorrows and troubles
teem,
And, oh! how dear in the distance
seem—
The old, old days.

I wonder, do you remember, too,
Back o'er the years that so swiftly flew,
Back to the hours of our childhood
plays—
To the laughter and tears of the old,
old days?

Tears and laughter and laughter and
tears
Mingled, as now, in the bygone years,
But the laughter still in my memory
stays,
While the tears dried soon in the old,
old days.

The old, old days,
The old, old days,
The days we wished we were grown-up
men,
But now we know we were happiest
then—
And oh! how we wish we could live
again
The old, old days.

**"WHAT'S THE USE O' ANY-
THING?—NOTHIN'."**

WE'RE hustled into this weary world
Without knowing why or how;
If any one asked us our consent
It's slipped our memory now;
But after we're here we have to work
And grumble and growl and sigh,
Just to be able to draw our breath—
Then all we can do is—die.

Some strive onward with might and main,
And finally reach the top;
But the struggle is really an awful strain,
With a horrible distance to drop;
And after the battle is fought and won
And we stand on a pedestal high,
We may manage to stick 'til our sands are run—
Then all we can do is—die.

But what if we, somehow, can't struggle up,
And are left with the mass below—
Happy in getting our meat and sup,
And smile at the world's vain show?
What, after all, do we win, my boy,
When for laurels and wreath we try?
E'en glory and gold at last will cloy—
Then all we can do is—die.

So give us something to eat and drink,
With a good soft place to sleep;
Some clothes to cover our nakedness,
And the wealth and the fame will keep.
Just crown our cup with a woman's love—
A love that no gold can buy;
And we'll live our day in our own little way—
Then all we can do is—die.

BUBBLES.

HOW oft when little children we
Would sit and watch in ecstasy
That shimmering, glistening skin
of soap
Filled full of wind—ah! childhood's
dope—
Bubbles.

And as thro' life we plod and strive,
"Dead lucky" that we're still alive,
That beacon light and anchor—Hope—
Becomes our substitute for soap
Bubbles.

But wind, when it has done its worst,
Can do but one thing more—that's burst,
Bust or blow up—use your own term—
Life, Hope, Wealth, Power—and then—
the Worm—
Bubbles!

THE LAST WORD.

“**I** AM dying, Egypt! Dying!”
But no poet’s theme extols
Cleopatra’s final finish—
Her soliloquy on souls:—

“As a Christian soul must orthodox
apologies I’ll spare—
Historians have writ me down as slight-
ly—well—bizarre;
But, as I’m now about to leave, before
I go I’ll state
Some of the souls upon this earth I
must confess I hate:—

“These little souls, anæmic souls, souls
that are down and out—
Puerile souls too cheap for Egypt’s
queen to talk about,
Ingrain souls and crossgrain souls, souls
that are warped and split—
Souls that preach—but when it comes to
practice—aber nit!
Self-centered souls, long-winded souls,
souls that are all puffed up—
Souls that inhabit anything from proud
Cæsar to a pup!”

Relieved of this, the asp she grasped—
No wonder that it bit her—
And to the snake this sigh she gasped
As life and love both quit her:—

“I was an atom among a bunch
Of a billion or more, I guess;
And what in the aeon of ages, Asp,
Is an atom, more or less?
An atom is only an atom—
Yet e’en among atoms I ween
There are atoms and atoms and atoms—
But not every atom’s a—Queen!”

MAN’S WANTS.

MAN wants but little here below,
And what he wants, I wot,
Is just a little more, you know,
Than the little that he’s got.

But when he gets that little,
Why, he wants a little yet,
And the little he yet wants is just
The little he can’t get.

AN OLD COAL FIRE.

LET poets trill their triolets about the
olden days,
The dear old-fashioned people
with the queer old-fashioned
ways;
Let them warble of the blue with which
our boyhood skies were cast,
And all the other hazy, mazy pleasures
of the past;
But listen to your Uncle while he tunes
his little lyre
And sings a little sonnet of an
Old
Coal
Fire.

We remember all about "the coffee
mother used to make,"
Our "happy days down on the farm"
were great, and no mistake;
We keep in loving memory that same
"ole swimmin' hole,"
And "attic window" into which the
"sunshine" always stole.
But, just between ourselves, you know,
the thing I most desire
Is to sit and poke the bubbles in an
Old
Coal
Fire.

These registers and heaters, with their
steamin', steamin', steamin',
Are good enough for heating, but no use
at all for dreamin';
It certainly would take a most exce-
ptional discerner
To see "old-fashioned faces" in a "Sims
Asbestos Burner."
The "electro-plated yule log" doesn't,
somehow, just inspire
Like the warm and mellow glowing of
an
Old
Coal
Fire.

So away with all new-fangled apparat-
uses to heat
That don't provide a good old-fashioned
fender for the feet;
Give us back the happy days they sing
about in songs
When our "Lares and Penates" were the
poker and the tongs—
For while the meter's metin' and the gas
bill's climbin' higher
I certainly do hanker for an
Old
Coal
Fire.

DID YOU?

DID you ever think through this
long, lean life,
Of the difference 'tween Theory
and Fact?
Of the wonderful theories we think over
night,
And the durn foolish way that we act?

THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH.

LET us live the length and the
breadth of life,
And live it long and broad—
We were only pushed into this puerile
strife
By the will of a wilsome God;
And whether we're wrong or whether
we're right
No one but this God can tell;
While the sum and substance of all your
fright
Is a fable of heaven and hell.

So let us live in this limelight age—
In the limelight money's glare;
Let us live with only the fools to do
And only the fools to dare;
But whether we're dared or whether
we're done
In this crazily strenuous strife—
Let us each of us—all of us—every one
Live the length and the breadth of
life.

* * * * *

From the depths beneath to the heights
above—
The length and the breadth of life is—
Love.

THE OLD MILL POND.

SAY, fellers, do you recollect the place we used to skate?
The mill pond in the hollow where the "gang" would congregate
In the good, old-fashioned winter when the wind your ears would nip,
And we had a lot more winter and a whole lot less o' grippie ?
Do you recollect the bonfire we would build upon the bank,
And the row of red-cheeked girls a-sittin' gigglin' 'long a plank
While we fellers strapped the skates upon their dainty little feet,
And a stolen glimpse of ankle made our happiness complete?
Between the past and present there's no clearer, dearer bond
Than the memory of evenings on that

Old
Mill
Pond.

This skatin' in a "Garden," 'neath the bright electric light—
With a band a-playin' ragtime, is the proper thing, all right;
But I ain't so much for skatin' round a circle at a price
With an artificial female on your artificial ice,
As for the way we did it in the winters long ago,
When the trees spread out their queer, fantastic shadows on the snow.
There was a tiny, mittened hand I used to slyly squeeze
As in unison we glided in the shadows of the trees;
The only light we needed was the old moon up beyond
Shinin' down and kind o' smilin' on that

Old
Mill
Pond.

SUFFICIENT.

SIT and tell yourself stories
As the day drifts into night;
Sit and tell yourself stories
And dream of things coming right.

If you are rudely awakened
(Your stories not what they seem),
And things come wrong—'stead of
right—
All right—you've had your dream.

“Aftermath”



TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A LONG a winding footpath,
Deep in a tangled glen,
I oftentimes strolled in silence,
Far from the haunts of men.
'Til once, as dreamily musing
Beneath that sylvan bower,
Peeping pink from the faded leaves
I saw a fairy flower.

Slowly I stoop to pick it,
When lo! to my surprise
A wealth of heavenly beauty
Nestles before my eyes;
And thro' the silent forest
Its perfume soft and rare
Floats like a breath from heaven
Upon the fragrant air.

So along life's pathway
Often we blindly go,
Seeing only the faded leaves,
And moss, and never know
Until we delve beneath them
And there bursts upon the air
All the beauty and the fragrance
God has hidden there.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

HE sees his childhood's fairy
 themes—
 Themes nurtured in the Mother-
 heart—
Give place to youth's unhampered
 dreams
 Of vanquished foe in field and mart.

He sees the dreams of youth dissolve
 In stern realities of strife;
 Realities from which evolve
 The ever poignant pains of Life.

Valiant; he yet assails the height
 Enveloped in the clouds above;
 Till, Victory on his shield alight,
 He rests upon the breast of Love.

He feels Love's warm embrace grow
 cold:
 Onward again he blindly gropes;
 His only guiding ray—his gold—
 The glitt'ring coffin of his hopes.

And then he turns unto himself
 And asks th' eternal question: "Why?"
 Why Hope, Ambition, Power, Wealth—
 Why Love, why Life—if but to die?

He delves within the Book of Time;
 He cons the mold-encrusted page.
 Through every season, every clime,
 He seeks the *Why* from seer and sage.

All streams of knowledge to him flow—
 The centuries' researches bring;
 Yet all he learns is but to know
 The nothingness of everything.

Broken, he sinks beside a pool;
 Thirsting, he bends above the rim:
 Lo! from the crystal waters, cool,
 The mirrored *Why* grins up at him:

"Wealth, Power, Love, Life—all but
 occur
 To make a *fool Philosopher*.

"THE REAL THINGS."

THE real things! the real things!
That make the world worth while;
The real things! the real things!
On Time's unchanging dial;
Are not the fleeting follies
We grasp and strive to hold;
The real things! the real things!
Are minted in God's mold.

The real things! the real things!
Are flowers and summer skies;
The real things! the real things!
Are babies' laughing eyes;
Fear, prejudice and hatred
Are ghostly wraiths, uncouth;
The real things! the real things!
Are courage, justice, truth.

The real things! the real things!
To each and all belong;
The real things! the real things!
The laughter, light and song;
Sickness, pain and sorrow
Set guidons toward the goal;
The real things! the real things!
Are heart and mind and soul.

The real things! the real things!
Are warm lips pressed to mine;
The real things! the real things!
Are life and love divine;
Death's dark is but a dawning—
God's beacon light—ahoy!
The real things! the real things!
Are joy and joy and joy!

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

THE soldier lies in the muddy bed
Of the trenches the whole night
long,
He hears the song of the speeding lead,
And knows there is death in the song.
He fights for the flag 'till his eyes grow
dim—
For his country he gives his life;
Yet our keenest sympathy's not for him,
But goes out to the soldier's wife.

Not for her is the battle cry
And the fierce red joy of the fight;
But lonely to lie with a smothered sigh
Thro' the long, still gloom of the
night.

Not for her is the onward charge
And the glory and glare of the strife;
But to watch and wait at a lonely gate
Is the task of the soldier's wife.

To watch and wait with a burning
brain—

With her love pent up in her breast;
While her nerves beat wildly a dull
refrain

To her aching heart's unrest.
No flag floats gayly above her head;
She hears not the drum nor the fife;
She watches the sun in the west sink
red,
And sighs—does the soldier's wife.

So sing, if you will, of the soldier brave,
And the glorious deeds he has done;
Weep at the thought of a lonely grave
'Way out 'neath the setting sun;
But sadder far than that strip of sod
Is the sight of a broken life;
So stop and send up a prayer to God—
A prayer for the soldier's wife.

LOVE'S DWELLING.

SHE married him for his title,
He married her for her gold;
'Twas a wedding of wealth and
fashion,
But Love stood out in the cold.

No family tree Love boasted,
No ducats nor jewels rare.
His attire would be most "outré"
'Mid the royal raiment there.

So out in the cold Love waited,
Out in the twilight dim—
Where Mammon and Pedigree feasted
There was no room for him.

They went to live in a palace
With turrets towered above,
But tho' oft he knocked at the portal,
They were never "at home" to Love.

Other guests were welcomed—
Trooping in by the score,
They jostled each other on entering,
But brushed by Love at the door.

There was Envy, Hatred and Malice,
Who one by one went in,
Followed by jaundiced Jealousy,
Then softly by crept Sin.

But still Love patiently waited,
Thro' many a night and day,
Thinking to slip in somehow
When the stork would come that way.

But the stork was barred at the portal,
The butler "good form" stood there;
So, seeing his last chance vanish,
Love gave up in despair.

Now, near to the princely palace
There nestled a cabin poor;
And Love, grown weary with waiting,
Softly knocked at the door.

Now it chanced that the lowly cottage
Was home to a maiden sweet,
Who welcomed the little stranger
And gave him the chimney-seat.

Then came a youth a-courting
The flower of his heart's desire,
And Love and the youth and the maiden
Sat gathered about the fire.

The palace stands bleak and empty;
Its ruins rise bare and lone;
The bride and the bridegroom have vanished;
And gone—ask the winds that moan.

O'er all hangs an awful stillness;
The only sound in the air
Is the hollow fall of the footsteps
Of the erstwhile guests on the stair.

But over the door of the cottage
Great clusters of roses cling,
While ever amid the fragrance
The voices of children ring.

The palace stands bleak and empty,
Alone and in ruins, but
God's peace hangs over the hovel,
For Love dwells still in the hut.

THE SMILE OF A MOTHER.

THE smile of a mother!
Ah! world, in thy search
For the "why" and the "what"—
thy creed or thy church,
Why not forever thy restlessness
smother—
In the smile of a mother?

The "why"?—it is there—
You know it as well
As your Bible-taught story of heaven
and hell.
The "what"?—is to be in the baby that
lies
At the breast of the mother—it's sweet,
sleepy eyes
May see far beyond—baby fingers un-
curled
Will point in the future the way of the
world—
Man's world; God Himself points the
path to the other
In the smile of a mother.

PENNSY'S FIGHTING TENTH.

(Air "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.")

THEY were bred out in the country,
And they're thoroughbred all
through;
They're the pride of Pennsylvania,
A yard wide and all wool, too;
They are rawboned, long and lanky,
But each one's a blooming Yankee—
In Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

They were called on by their country,
And you bet each mother's son,
In the time it takes to tell it,
Shook the plow and grabbed a gun.
Tears behind and fame before them,
With Old Glory floating o'er them,
Went Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

Went away to far Manila,
And on that eventful night
Of the battle of Malaté,
In the hottest of the fight,
Where the Mausers spoke the quickest
And the dying lay the thickest—
Fought Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

Now again the news is thundered,
Over cables 'round the world,
That our boys in blue are struggling
'Neath the starry flag unfurled;
And once more the same old story—
In the front for dear Old Glory
Are Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

Boys, when all the trouble's over,
And you come a-marching back,
We'll tear this old State open
In your honor—that's a fact.
By the flag that floats above you,
Boys, goldarn ye, we're proud of you,
You're Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

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A WARNING TO THE TENTH.

YOU have crossed the broad Pacific,
Answering your country's call;
You have met the wily Spaniard
And have braved the Mauser ball.

You have chased the Philippinos
'Round the islands with a gun,
Just the same as hunting rabbits
In the winter time for fun.

You have faced all kinds of fevers,
Never flinched before a foe;
Perhaps you've eaten canned roast beef
And lived—for all I know.

But these are trifles empty
When you realize the fate
That is waiting, watching for you
When you pass the Golden Gate:

A nation you'll find gathered on
The wharf to see you land,
And each individual atom
Will proceed to shake your hand.

From 'Frisco on the West coast
To "Pennsy" in the East
You'll have to eat and drink your way—
One grand triumphal feast.

And when to Pittsburgh you get back
Once more to old West Penn,
If you've not given up before
I see your finish then.

The mammas and the maidens all
Will deluge you in tears,
And grateful fellow citizens
Will fill you up with beers.

Then bravely you will have to bear
A suffering intense.
When local orators let loose
Their guns of eloquence.

But, alas, for the survivors!
All those still drawing breath
Will be handed over to the girls
And Hobsonized to death.

THAT OLD-FASHIONED WHISTLE.

IN his big easy rocker where mother has left him,
Left him and softly tiptoed up to bed,
The old man sits dozing and drowsily dreaming—
Dreaming of years that have long ago fled.
And as his thoughts wander back to his childhood,
Back o'er the dim, hazy pathway of years,
A strain soft and low of an old-fashioned measure
Is wafted by memory back to his ears.
"Tis just a few bars of most fantastic music,
But his mouth puckers up in a sweet smile of joy,
As back from the past comes that old-fashioned whistle—
The whistle he whistled when he was a boy.

He sees the old mill and the swimming hole near it
Where at that whistle he'd slip on the sly;
He remembers that tune, as it came thro' the twilight,
To wake him at dawn on the Fourth of July.
Now, drifting onward, he sees the old maple,
Shading the home of a long ago Love,
Where he would stop as he passed in the moonlight—
(Stop 'neath a window half opened above),
Then, tho' with heart in his mouth, he would whistle,
And nothing on earth could his happiness cloy,
As there came soft and low in the stillness his answer—
The whistle *she* whistled when he was a boy.

The old man gets up from his big easy rocker,
A smile on his face and his eyes twinkling bright,
And as if bent on some dark depredation Softly opens the door and goes out in the night;
Gently he slides round beneath mother's window,
Half open now, as it used to be then,
And in the moonlight his old face he puckers
And whistles that old-fashioned whistle again.
Now holding his breath the old man stops and listens—
Then his old figure shakes as he chuckles with joy,
As once more he hears that dear old-fashioned whistle,
The whistle *she* whistled when he was a boy.

THE MAN WITH THE LIGHT.

YOU ask, "Who was it in that brain blew out
The light and left it as a darkened cell?"
But what of him! The man within whose brain
The light is burning like a blazing hell—
A gleaming searchlight on his inner self—
Searing his soul—revealing unto him
The awful failure of a human life.
What of this man! Created by God's grace—
Who cannot look his fellow in the face.
And knows that he has yet to face his God?

GONE!

WHERE are the names of yester-day?
'Mong the attic's treasures I
searched last night,
Bringing once more to the candle
light
Magazines, dusty and covered with
mould—
Some of them barely ten short years
old;
Yet in their pages stood many a name,
Illum'ed by the calcium light of fame—
Many a name that to-day's forgot—
In the press of the present we know
them not.

Where will be the names of to-day?
When a few short years have drifted
by?
A winter's cold, a summer's sky—
Some dozen drinks, some scanty meals,
While a tenth of a century past us steals,
And when those next ten years roll
'round,
Where will the names of To-day be
found?
Yea, where will be the names of To-
day?
Gone—with the names of yesterday.

A GRAVE.

DARK is the night—
The waves dash white
Their feathery tops of foam;
When thro' the gloom
The huge sides loom
Of the Portland speeding home.

A sudden shock—
The wild winds mock
The pitiful cries to save;
A hand snow white
Gleams once in the night,
And the sea rolls on—a grave.

A LULLABY.

THE moon am a climbin' an' the
stars am a shinin',
Hush a-by, pickaninny, hush
a-bye,
Yoush dady's gone a huntin' foh a cot-
ton tail buntin',
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
He'll catch it, may be; so now go to
sleep ma baby,
While yoush mammy puts the 'possum
on to fry,
And when you wakes up, honey, you
will hab a little bunny,
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.

REFRAIN.

Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye-
bye-bye,
Hush a-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
The southern sun's at rest, softly sleep
on mammy's breast,
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.

The tree-toad am a callin' an' the
shadows am a fallin'—
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.
The wind am softly sighin' and the sum-
mer day am dyin'—
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
The fairies am a standin' at the dream
ship's little landin'
To sail with you away up in the sky,
'Mong the winky wunks to play all the
night 'til break o' day,
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.

REFRAIN.

Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye-
bye-bye,
Hush a-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
The southern sun's at rest, softly sleep
on mammy's breast,
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.

THE MESSENGER.

IN mortal illness he lay trembling there,
Noting, with aching brain and dumb
despair,
The feeble fluttering of his fleeting
breath;
Waiting the coming of grim-visaged
Death.
An awful stillness filled the darkened
room,
He felt Death's presence in the gathered
gloom;
One moment of an agonizing fear—
A gasp—the dreaded messenger was
near.
His time had come, he knew. He
turned his head
In terror, and lo! there beside the bed
His angel mother stood—upon her
face
A smile of heavenly peace—and from
the place
She led him as a voice said "He is dead."

TO A PAIR OF GLAD EYES.

GLADYS GLADEYES, they have
named you
With your open eyes of blue,
Gazing out in childish wonder
On the world—ah, sweet, that you
May forever see the sunshine
And may never know the woe,
That forever and forever
Stalks about the world below.

May your glad eyes ever glisten,
As they do to-day, my pet,
When you sail Life's sea of sorrow;
And thro' all, dear, may they yet
Ever look with joy of childhood
To the clouds' bright silver side—
Ever seeing but the sunlight,
Seeing life, love, glorified.

"O MOTHER MINE—MY OWN!"

"**M**OTHERLESS"—Yes!—so they said

A many years ago—
When I was but a little lad—
A lad of ten or so;
A little happy laughing lad—
But I recall the day
The laughter died 'til tears dried—
When Mother went away.

O but the world was lonely!
The days so long and drear—
Just sort of missing Mother mine
Throughout the weary year;
Until, somehow, I seemed to sense
A wondrous fund of love
Enveloping me all about—
A breath from Heaven above.

And as I older grew I learned
To feel her presence near;
To feel her watching over me—
Trying to point the clear
Straight path ahead; and if I failed
To walk just as I should,
"Twas always comforting to think
That Mother understood.

Then as the years wore on and life
It's many burdens brought;
And Mother's words and lessons passed
Unheeded and forgot;
In dark despair I still had faith
That "Mother understood"—
And everything would come right if
I'd do the best I could.

And so throughout the years I've felt
My little Mother here;
When I've been wrong I've felt her
frown—
When ~~the~~ right I've felt the dear
Sweet smile of love and pride and joy;
And just some little thing—
A kindly act or gentle word—
A wealth of peace would bring.

Yes! "Motherless"—I may have seemed
That dark day long ago;
But I was just a little lad—
A lad—and didn't know
That those we love are never lost—
Have but gone on before
Where they can hover over us
And love and care the more.

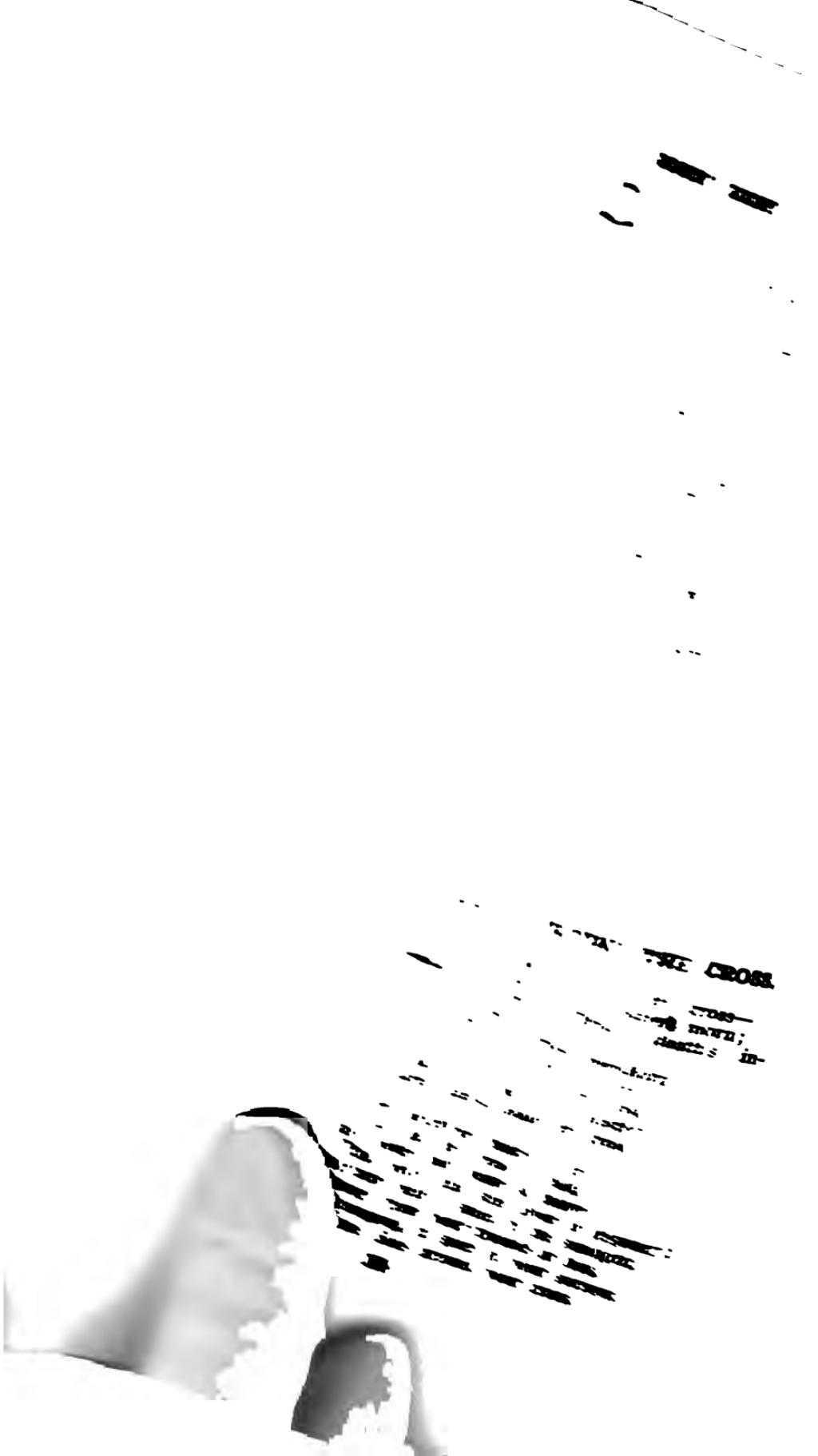
O Mother mine! Where e'er you are,
I'm still your boy to you;
You still will be beside me when
This earthly task is through;
And, if you stand in the White Light
Of God's celestial Throne—
I thank Him! thank Him! for your love,
O Mother mine, my own!

HARRIET.

(Died; age, fourteen.)

JUST for a little while
She stayed—
Happily, cheerily; undismayed
By sickness and pain of the mortal
clay
She lived in the sunlight her swift,
sweet day;
God, was it good to have sent her this
way—
Just for a little while?

Just for a little while!
God knows
The way of it—why of it; lo! the rose
Bloomed but its day, yet its soul still
breathes
Out from that rose-jar of faded
leaves;
And Death but garners God's golden
sheaves—
Just for a little while.



"NON HODIE, SED SEMPER."

(In Memoriam Henry B. Hyde.)

HE planted a seed by the wayside,
And planted his heart in the
seed;
And he waited and watched its growing,
And tended its every need.

The sprout sprang upward and flour-
ished,
'Til at last did the planter see
A mighty oak where the seed was sown,
And his heart was the heart of the
tree.

Then the planter's task was finished;
The gaunt, grim reaper spoke:
Called his soul to his God—his clay to
the sod,
But his heart beats on in the oak.

THE THINGS I USED TO KNOW

I KNOW a lot of things to-day I didn't
use to know;
I know the deadly currents of the
world's dread undertow;
I know life's bitter lessons—know
them all from A to Z—
Learned in life's school of sorrow—
school of sin and misery.
Oh! would that I could but forget the
great tide's ebb and flow,
And learn again the long-forgotten
Things I used to know.

I used to know the valley where the
rarest violets grew,
The woodland where arbutus first
peeped shyly up to view;
I used to know a big hole where the
chubs were sure to bite,
The places 'long the old creek where
the bottom was all right;
Where Mrs. Catbird had her nest half
hidden in the brush;
The Bob-white's cheery whistle—the low
warble of the thrush.

I used to know the buds and birds, the
rocks and woods and trees;
The way to find the honey-hoarded
storehouse of the bees;
I used to know each sylvan nook, each
dainty flower that grew—
But sweeter, dearer far than all the
other things I knew
Was that, no matter where about the
fields I chanced to roam,
I knew my little Mother's face would
smile a welcome home.

I know a lot of things to-day I would I
never knew;
I know my little Mother's gone beyond
the heaven's blue—
I know the world, man's world, too
well—'twas God's world I knew
then—
God's world that I've forgotten—now
I know my fellowmen;
And oh! I would I could forget—forget
it all and go
Back to God's world and learn again
The things I used to know.

GOSHEN,

'TAIN'T just what you'd call a
tusslin', rustlin', bustlin', busy
town;
Fact is folks find time occasion'ly to stop
hustlin' and set down.
Walkin' fast's a misde-meanor. Don't
believe it?—ask "Judge"!—
What's the use o' bein winded 'less you
owe yourself a grudge?
Better rest than be arrested; take things
easy—don't use Force;
Long as you get yours—be happy; leave
the "get up" to the horse.

There's some horses!—reg'lar horses;
not "near" horses, but all there;
And there's roses!—reg'lar roses—roses,
roses everywhere;
And there's children!—reg'lar children—
babies, three-year-olds and "kids";
Real ones!—rompin', fightin', fishin',
swimmin', baseball playin' kids;
Kind-o'-kids-we-use-to-be-ones; maybe
(?) if you say it quick—
And there's sunshine, love and laughter,
and good-fellowship spread thick.

Here's to you!—little town o' Goshen!—
where the "old band" 's playin'
yet:—
Where there's monuments to memories
none of us will e'er forget:—
Heroes!—yes, by gosh; and horses!—
monuments of good ones gone;—
And, what's better still, you're raisin'
stock to build some more upon.
Let the Jugger-naut o' Progress rumble
on some other place—
Just you set among your roses—let the
others set the pace.

With a Past that you are proud of, and
a Present you enjoy:—
And a Future growin' round you in each
laughin' girl and boy;—
Dear old town you stand a haven 'mid
the Chaos of the Fight;—
Here's a bumper to you, Goshen! HOCK
der Kaiser!—Gesundheit!

LITTLE GIRLS O' GOSHEN!

LITTLE girls o' Goshen!
Here's health and wealth to you!
With your big wide wond'ring eyes
o' brown
And laughing eyes o' blue.
God bless your little fairy feet
And heads o' black or tow!
May all your way be holiday
Mid blooms o' golden-glow!
May Life be all a Summer-time,
And all the journey through
May Love and Joy dance hand in hand
A rosey-ring with you;
Here's to you! little women-folk
With eyes o' blue or brown!
The mothers of the men to be—
O girls o' Goshen town.

OLD AGE.

OLD AGE! with what a lean and
ghostly finger
You seem to beckon others—
those who fear
Thy coming; those who in Life's spring
would linger,
Who dread the passing of each fading
year.
Old Age! for me you beckon thro' the
gloaming,
A smile of welcome on your dear old
face,
After the weary years to come a homing,
And find within your peace a resting-
place.
Just let me *live* the years yet intervening;
Give me to garner such a store of love
Within me that I, here, may grasp the
meaning
Of love celestial in a realm above.
Greeting the morning-star of Life's to-
morrow,
Grant that I may have left beside the
way
All erstwhile shadowing wraiths of sin
and sorrow;
See but the dawning of the brighter
day.
Old Age! so crown my life that Death's
awaking
And transformation may seem but to
be
A flood of joy, from my full heart out-
breaking,
Bearing my soul into Eternity.

OLD WINE! OLD CLOTHES! OLD FRIENDS!

(A Toast.)

OLD Wine!
Within your depths, old wine,
Lurk all life's mysteries divine;
Potent, before our raptured eyes,
In unveiled radiance to rise—
The secrets of our souls are thine!
Old wine.

Old Clothes!
In what complete repose
We lounge around in you, old clothes;
Long since you've found our salient
points—
Soothed in soft folds rheumatic
joints—
Our gauntness kept "beneath the rose"!
Old clothes.

Old Friends!
On you, of all, old friends
Life's substance and life's salt depends;
Comrades through all the wearying
fight—
Hands grasped to greet th' oncoming
night;
God grant us as our journey ends—
Old friends.

To one of Time's choicest, mellowest
blends—
Old wine! Old clothes! Old friends!

A CLOWN TO HIS DOG.

ACLOWN may joke, and the crowd
may laugh,
(Even as you and I.)
And neither may understand, by half,
How much of it's wheat and how much
of it's chaff
(Even as you and I.)

But it's work of our brains or work of
our hands—
Or at least a laugh—that the World de-
mands;
The World doesn't know—but the heart
understands!
(Even as you and I.)

SPRING.

A LIFE seemed broken, and fair
Hope lay dead—
Entombed deep in the dark crypt
of a heart
Turned to dull stone within an aching
breast:
All soul-songs hushed—e'en God a thing
apart.

The winter wind soughed thro' the leaf-
less trees;
The grey clouds hung low o'er the
frozen earth
Wherein the secret alchemy of Life
Wrought out the mystery of Death
and Birth.

And then, O Spring! thy sunshine
warmed the heart;
Brought back to life fair Hope with
all her dreams;
Once more are heard the soul-songs,
softly sung,
From feathered throat and thy unfet-
tered streams.

The south winds came. The dainty
flowers spring up!
Soft fleecy clouds float in the blue
above;
O, Man! what more do you require to
prove
The Life Eternal and God's wondrous
love?

THE MEN BEHIND.

SING me a song of the great Unknown—
A Song of the unknown Great!
Who are fighting the fight for the Fight alone—
Who strive for the Right and the Right alone—
Nor bend 'neath the burden's weight.
The poor and the helpless! they know full well
The helpers who help Mankind
Are not those who in the limelight dwell,
But the quiet, cool men behind.

Sing me a song of the Voices' still—
The Ones who have gone before!
Who led the rough riders up San Juan hill?
Ham Fish! They got him! and his voice is nil
On earth, forever more.
And a voice, also quiet, from the tomb of Grant
Speaks—while the Rabble for noises pant,
As the Rabble always will.

Sing me a song of the Good Ones gone!
And a song of the men behind
Who are giving their brains, if not their brawn,
To the work of the world and the coming dawn
Of Supremacy of Mind.
A song of the men who work unknown
For their Nation and their State—
Who work, or fight, for the Truth and the Right—
A song of the unknown Great.

AS AGE CREEPS ON.

Age creeps on may I in calm content
Review the years and feel, though
 all ill spent,
They were complete; not lost one
 hour nor day,
Something each brought of life to
 mark the way—
Something Remembrance brings of love
 long lent.

Perhaps the tree grew as the twig was
 bent;
Perhaps 'twas all done with a full intent;
My Star perhaps will point the easier
 way—
 As age creeps on.

E'en if I could would I the moments
 stay?
Would I turn back one single hour?
 Nay!
Life has been sweet—shadows with sun-
 shine blent—
Sorrows, like thistledown, soft sailing
 went;
Let me but live with Love in calm con-
 tent
 As age creeps on.

DOCTOR BULL.

(Paraphrased from "On the Defeat of
 a Great Man" by William Wilberforce
 Lord.)

GONE? How gone? A great soul
 never goes;
The grave receives its dead.
The body goes, decays, returns to dust;
Becomes again the diatoms it was:
 A great soul never goes.
It stays! in form divine it serves su-
 preme;
They go who have not *been*—
They go from nothing here to nothing
 There:
 They go and are forgot.

O ye of little faith! a great God-soul
Is its own being—born not—cannot die:
 It was and ever *is*.
As in the heaven above the sun stands
 fixed,
And on the earth doth throw
Its light and warmth, so will his great
 God-soul
Give life and love through all Eternity.

DEATH VICTORIOUS.

PRONE on his couch the pallid warrior lies;
Life's battle's lost! dim in the fading light
Pass in review before his film-sheathed eyes
The tattered ensigns of each hard-fought fight.

With silent drums Hope's beaten hosts file by;
Their arms, once bright, now broken—red with rust.
Above their serried ranks no pennons fly—
Furled flags and dead ideals lie in the dust.

Slow flutters forth his last low feeble breath;
His valiant soul, unconquered still, breaks free;
And in the van Life's victor—Glorious Death—
Flings out the Banner of the Strife-to-be.

LOVE'S GARDEN.

YOU ask me, dear, to love but you;
How can I, when my fool old
heart
Is full of other loves—still true
To each and all, tho' long years part?

Yet what are years to love, Nanette?
And what is love till proved by years
To be a thing we can't forget,
Nor wash away with futile tears?

Love is a living, lasting thing;
Each particle but rounds the whole;
Let all the loves that Life may bring
Bloom in the garden of your Soul.

JUST A WORD.

A DAINTY rose diffusing
Its perfume soft and rare
Imbues with heaven's fragrance
The cold and empty air.

So just a word of kindness
Will oftentimes impart
A gleam of heavenly happiness
To some sad empty heart.

Richmond Press Co.
New York.



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